LONELY HOURS.



Caroline J. Phillipson

LONELY HOURS:

POEMS

BY

CAROLINE GIFFARD PHILLIPSON.

A NEW EDITION, ENLARGED.



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DEDICATION.

To the few friends that Time has left
I dedicate this book,
And should they in their love for me
Throughout its pages look;
I trust that one and all may find,
Some note to charm their ear,
Wak'ning sweet music of the past
From haunts no longer near!

Oh! if my mournful voice might thrill,
Or soothe one aching heart.
That would be joy indeed, for such
The Poet's loftiest part!
And all I seek in my poor song,
Dissonant though it sound,
Is to point upwards to that land
Where joy and peace are found!

And from earth's dull and dreary bowers.
To win the heart away,
Where lovely spring's resplendent flow'rs
Shall never know decay!
Fondly the soul to fleeting joy,
And earth-born bliss will cling,
Though pain and blight their hues destroy,
And soon, too soon they wing!

Life has its goal—the grave—then heav'n:
One near, the other far.
And faintly seems its sweet light giv'n,
Like some pale distant star!
Clouded too oft by the wild storm
Of earthly grief or pain,
Which smiteth ev'ry human form,
And chills us with its reign!

I have swept many a mournful chord,
And solemn is my note,
A voice of parting and of pain,
Will o'er each harp string float.
So, to the suffering and the sad,
I dedicate my lay,
And those few friends whose faithful love
May never pass away!

TO THE READER.

THE Hindoo Maid, who gives to float,
Freighted with hopes, her mimic boat—
Whose lamp amidst its wreath reposes,
Like glowworm in a nest of roses—
Paces the strand with anxious care,
Moving each mighty power to spare.
She prays—the winds may softly blow,
She prays—the stream may gently flow,
No whirlpool in its course be spread,
No serpent rear its hissing head;
But all in heaven, and earth, and air,
That's gentle, delicate, and fair,
May one united influence lend
Forth on its course her bark to send.

And thus, upon the world's rude tide,
Bidding my little vessel glide,
I, timid, beg with anxious care,
The mighty may the gentle spare.

For rearing no majestic form
To brave the battle and the storm.
My little bark, 'mid summer bowers,
Glides with its freight of simple flowers:
The records sweet of happier days,
O'er which the light of memory plays.
Then ocean dread I feign would steep,
By mermaid's song in magic sleep;
Fetter each storm, disarm each foe,
Bid suns to smile, and zephyrs blow.

Wafted by Hope, my bark adieu!
The brave, the fair, will smiling view
Thy glimm'ring course, and thou shalt find
A port in every heart that's kind!

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POEMS.

STANZAS.

THE vanish'd year!
How bright appear
Its bygone scenes to me—
How softly fall
The voices all,
Then sounding cheerily!

Friends of the hour,
Like summer flow'r,
Have long since died away;
But some remain
Without one stain,
Or shadow from decay!

Hallow'd their love,
All ties above,
For I have prov'd them true;
And from my heart
They'll ne'er depart,
Or alter in their hue!

Thro' long night hours
I walk the bow'rs,
Well trod the vanish'd year!
And to my sight
In radiant light
Its distant scenes appear!

More radiant far
Than others are,
Or ever more may be;
For they are deck'd
With joys uncheck'd,
Which then shone down on me!

And painfully
And wearily
I bade them all adieu:

But still they seem,
Thro' many a dream,
To haunt my aching view!

The future's clouds
With mist enshrouds
For me each earthly path;
And ev'ry sigh
Is but to fly
Far from the world's dread wrath!

From each dim spot,
Where Hope is not,
And Love hath never been;
To some pure sphere,
Nor grief, nor tear,
Nor Sin can enter in!

Speed then the days
Whose fading rays
Will burst upon my view,
Like some bless'd beam,
Or Heav'nly gleam,
From worlds to mortals new!

Welcome the hour,
Tho' dark it low'r,
My spirit seeks her flight,
By seraphs sped,
When life is fled,
To realms of lasting light!

Never in pain
To yearn again
Beloved forms to see;
But joyful greet
At God's own feet
Those lost on earth to me!

THE EXILE.

Death is upon the Autumn breeze,
He calls me far away;
I hear him in the whisp'ring trees
At quiet fall of day!

I see him in the fading flowers
That round my footpaths lie,
A voice is in the leafy bowers
Which tells me I must die!

His glassy eyes at ev'ry nook
Glare on me thro' the shade,
But even at his dreadful look
I may not feel dismay'd.

For a stronger pow'r than fear
Has hold upon my heart,
And Faith's bright star is near,
From which I may not part.

At the dim twilight's peaceful hour
I see my home once more;
And brilliant seems the sunset's pow'r
To gild my native shore!

The friends from whom I've parted
In joy have met again;
Heal'd are the broken-hearted,
And past is Sorrow's reign!

Then wherefore should the Exile
Remain a wand'rer here,
When all he's lov'd and lost the while
Are on a happier sphere?

I am coming now, oh, lovely Death!
I will yield my soul to thee;
For I hear around a trumpet's breath
Sounding, Be free! be free!

Only at Evening's dewy close
By sunset let me die,
And sink into Death's sweet repose
Beneath a starry sky!

Then will my long'd-for slumbers seem
Heav'n sent—my waking be
Fulfilment of the blessed dream
Of bright Eternity!

ON THE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

Gone are the days when monkish rites
And Superstition's pow'r
Gave terror to the lengthen'd nights
And dimm'd the festal hour!
Past is the time when those who sought
In peace to serve their God,
Were menac'd for each kindling thought,
Driv'n forth from Home's bright sod!

When darkness dwelt on ev'ry mind
By priestcraft cast around,
And those who struggled were confin'd,
With iron fetters bound!
Or at the stake 'midst burning flames
Pour'd forth their dying cry,
'Midst shouts and execrations raised
By Papal tyranny!

Men now can worship God at will
Within their church or Home,
And thro' the Sabbath hours so still
In peace may outward roam!
Or by the happy fireside hearth
Listen to Childhood's pray'r
For the dear forms best lov'd on earth,
And pray'd for fondly there!

No curses are pour'd forth on those
Who've left the Church's bound—
She has no persecuting pow'r
To rule the country round!
No excommunicating voice
To thrill thro' those who seek
In other forms to worship God
With spirits pure and meek

Yet pause! a sign is in the sky
Which tells of coming ill!
A warning voice and watchful eye
Must be awaken'd still!
A foreign Pow'r is claiming sway
On England's blessed strand,
And priestcraft slowly making way
Thro' all our Christian land.

Look to your homes! The fireside hearth
Will soon lose half its peace;
Be hush'd each sound of social mirth,
And kindred feeling cease!
The daughter's heart will be estranged
The first—and drawn away,
All duty and all love be changed
By Superstition's sway!

And creeping on by slow degrees
The Papal pow'r will swell—
Its Church be thund'ring forth decrees
Without one obstacle!
The Host parading through the streets
With priestly pomp and pride—
Unless true Britons rise and cast
This Papal Bull aside!

And with one voice, one heart, proclaim,
Their holy faith is dear—
And that no foreign prince shall send
His Roman Bishops here!
Great praise is due to those who now
Stand boldly forth to save
Their country from the growing ills
Which offer to enslave!

Then Protestants, awake, awake!
Bind on your arms once more;
Nor let a Foreign Prelate take
Dominion on this shore!
Send the Usurper back to him
Who dared to interfere—
And stand up for the precious rights
So often fought for here!

March 23rd, 1851.

AN INVITATION.

I SHALL have a little cottage
In the mountain land of Wales,
And shall fix upon the prettiest
Of its most secluded vales!
You shall come and see my dwelling,
Stay there if you wish awhile—
And agree with me in thinking
It is perfect in its style!

Arm chairs there shall be in plenty,
Easy cushion'd sofas, too!
Ev'rything the height of comfort,
Fitted both for me and you!
And I'll guarantee your feeling
In a state of perfect ease,
Being allow'd to march about it,
And to do whate'er you please!

There shall be a pretty garden,
With a greenhouse full of flow'rs,
Lots of trees, and birds whose singing
Will enchant your list'ning pow'rs!
Fruit whose bloom will well nigh tempt you
To forget my sage advice,
And to be the least imprudent,
Eating what you think so nice!

Never mind these country failings,
Wipe off something of the rust
Which, in London habitations,
Gathers on each child of dust!
They will make you all the better,
All the pleasanter to me;
And I'll watch them in their progress
With a look of life and glee.

But you must not bring me thither
Worldly precepts or advice;
If you do, I'll answer for it,
That you'll never come there twice!

I've a horror of the gay world,
Of its prating and its cant;
And import them to my dwelling,
Let me tell you that you shan't!

For I mean to be distinguish'd,
Quite original and free;
And unless you change your habits
For a time—don't visit me!
If you will, I'll give you welcome
Such as worldly friends would shun;
But the kindest and the truest
You will meet with 'neath the sun!

Now, farewell! and mind I see you
In this darling home of mine;
Or I'll fancy that your friendship
Is like Winter, in decline!
Never mind!—no protestations,
Time no distant day will tell,
If I'm doing right in reck'ning
That you love me passing well!

HUMAN QUESTIONINGS.

Oh! thou stream that floweth onward
On thy bright and sparkling way—
Never ceasing till thou reachest
Ocean in its mighty play!
Tell me if thy bosom bearing
Naught but joy upon its swell,
Heaves beneath with other secrets
Which it will not—may not tell!

Is the calm to all apparent,
Like the smile on beauty's lip,
Worn but to conceal from gazers
Thoughts on which they may not dip?
Are thy ripples glancing brightly,
Often mov'd by Trouble's pow'r
Or do they murmur on as lightly
Ev'ry ev'ning's placid hour?

"Thy voice hath reach'd me in the caves,
Where I dwell beneath the sunny waves,
And I come to answer thee:
But listen, listen, whilst I speak,
And for the future do not seek
Earth's hidden things to see!

"The calm thou readest on my brow,
And which invites thy question now,
Not always there doth rest;
No more than sunshine sheds its light
For evermore untouch'd by blight
On nature's changing breast!

"All have their portions here of joy,
But none unsullied by alloy!
The night and morning hour
Have each their smiles and tears for me,
And they have both the same for thee—
Mortality's sad dow'r!

"Then be contented with thy fate,
And for the future watch, and wait,

Sadness will pass away—
The joy that fadeth here return,
And with a brighter radiance burn,
In Heaven's eternal day!"

So spoke the Spirit of the Caves
From his bright home 'neath the sparkling waves;
And I forward sped me on;
And turn'd to the winds in their restless play,
And besought them to listen to my lay,
My questions of hours to come!

But the free winds pass'd me with a sigh,
A dreamy murmur from hours gone by
And they would not listen to my voice,
But thrill'd thro' my ear with the word "Rejoice!"

"Rejoice! for the good that is thine on earth:
Rejoice! for Creation's blessed birth:
For the love of those to thy spirit dear;
For the pains and crosses that wait thee here.

"For they shape thy heart to endure and bear
With a Christian's meekness each earthly care,

And make thee fit for a brighter home,
Where all is *peace*, in the world to come!
Despond not—mourn not—for Time fleets by,
And hurries thee on to Eternity!"

Ye haunted forests! methinks there dwells
In your deep recesses some secret spell,
Some voices to answer me!
To say to my spirit's yearnings—"Cease,"
To calm their wild tumults, and whisper "Peace;"
And therefore I call on ye!

By the mem'ry of sweet hours gone by—
By your green leaves trembling mournfully—
By the thousand notes that swell
In your sounding aisles, that long have stood
So grand in their ancient solitude—
I conjure ye now to tell!

To tell to my heart what the future 'll bring
Of good or of evil upon its wing—
The hidden to disclose;
And point to the path that leadeth on
To the land where the lov'd and the lost are gone,
Where blooms the thornless rose!

A deep sound thrill'd through the dark green wood,
Like the voice of a storm in its lofty mood!
And trembled the branches round;
And some huge drops fell from the clouded sky,
Like the tears in a sinner's sorrowing eye,
On the dew-besprinkled ground!

But, when all was hush'd, a soft voice rose,
Earnest and deep in its sad repose,
Like a flute's low mellow strain;
And, though sweet to me its cadence seem'd—
Like the spirit tones of which I'd dream'd—
It fill'd my heart with pain!

"Mortal! I am come from my distant cell,
Where far in the forest I calmly dwell!
And at thy request will tell to thee
The little that's known to mine or me;
But I know no spells that I dare impart
To calm the grief of thy wayward heart.
Hast thou not friends that are dear and kind?—
Seek them, and solace thou'lt surely find.
Are there not moments when upwards borne
Thy spirit feels gladden'd, and not forlorn?—

Gaze at the stars in the spacious sky,
Their Maker's image in them descry.
They have their destiny—thou hast thine—
Calmly fulfil it, and never repine!
Those that have quitted life's scenes are near,
Strong to uphold thee, so do not fear!
Their loving eyes are upon thee now;
They mark the lines on thy troubled brow,
And grieve to see that the paths they won
By thy trembling footsteps can ne'er be run!
Can ne'er be run?—oh! they may be yet!
So turn to the eastward—the past forget.
Drink up the deep draught of earthly pain:
Smile—and Joy's sun will return again;
Faith's star will light thee, and strength be given
To gird up thy spirit for rest in Heav'n!"

It pass'd—it fled—and I turn'd away
From the haunts where the forest boughs had sway.
To seek for a brighter spot;
But its spell was on me—and where I turn'd,
Eve's last faint radiance dimly burn'd,
And there I could find it not!

I could find it not; for my heart was worn,
And by many an inward conflict torn,
So I knelt to pray awhile;
And I lifted my eyes to the starry Heaven,
Where a rainbow promise of Hope was given,
And fancied I saw it smile!

Smile at the weakness which seeks to know
That which in mercy is hidden now
From man's unthankful eye;
But which hereafter will all appear
Unveil'd in another happier sphere,
Beyond life's clouded sky!

FAREWELL.

Oh, I must bid adieu to thee
For ever from this hour,
And from my heart reluctantly
Tear Love's long-cherish'd flow'r!
I say reluctantly; for still
Regrets will sometimes rise;
And oh! I cannot drive at will
The teardrops from my eyes!

Thou know'st my love was pure and true
As ever love could be,
And lasting, tho' I always knew
I was not lov'd by thee!
Yes, *always*—since the first bright dream
Upon my spirit fell,
And since upon the dangerous theme
I ponder'd long and well!

If I could hope thy heart was mine,
I should not act as now;
Then would Joy's sun in brightness shine
Upon my pensive brow!
And in my spirit its sweet light
For evermore should dwell,
Undimm'd by any shade of blight,
Untouch'd by Sorrow's spell!

But oh! I cannot longer hide
The dread truth from my heart;
I know I may not be thy Bride,
Or in thy love bear part!
Thy friendship may be most sincere,
Thy pity giv'n to me;
No warmer feelings ere appear
In ought that breathes from thee!

And therefore, tho' I've lov'd thee well,
I cast that love away—
With feelings that no words can tell,
Yet firmly—and for aye!
I have not chang'd—but Duty's voice
Has spoken to my heart;
She leads me to a better choice,
A new and sterner part!

The past has all been spent in dreams,
The future bids me pause,
And see if on the world's vain themes
I've linger'd without cause!
I feel I have—for Life is brief,
And soon its hours are flown,
And preparation is through grief
For our eternal home!

We all have duties to fulfil
During our sojourn here,
And talents giv'n us by His will
Who placed His creatures here!
All have their course of usefulness,
Their sphere in which to move!
My life has pass'd in uselessness,
In one vain dream of love!

But now I turn—tho' all seems dim,
My weary eyes I raise
Through the world's clouds, and gaze on Him,
The Author of my days!
Him whose deep love for mortal man
Has been forgotten quite;
But who thro' life's too fleeting span
Will guide our footsteps right!

I've ask'd His blessing on thy path,
And He will grant it me,
And shelter from His fury's wrath
Thy future hours and thee!
I've pray'd that we may meet again
Upon Heaven's blessed shore,
Where all earth's bitterness and pain
Is past for evermore!

So now farewell! think kindly still
Of *one* who loves thee yet;
And who must always: tho' her will
Is that we both forget
The Past! its vain delusive dreams,
Its sorrows and its bliss,
And turn to higher hopes and themes,
Whose goal is Happiness!

TO DEAREST PERIAM.

Whither art thou wandering, Brother?
Whither o'er the stormy main?
Would my eye could there discover
Traces of thy bark again!
Would that thro' its shadowy whiteness
Some kind hand might point thy home;
Then my spirit, clothed with brightness,
Constantly with thine would roam!

But I cannot picture, Brother,
Where thy distant steps may be,
If in sunny lands that border
On the South Pacific Sea!
Or in colder regions wand'ring
To the Californian climes,
'Mongst a crowd of pilgrim trav'llers,
Seeking fortune at the mines.

May kind Heav'n ensure thy safety,
And a golden harvest grant,
Keeping thee and those that guide thee
From disease, and death, and want!
May thy spirit, gazing homewards,
In its deep recesses yearn
For the many hearts that love thee,
And await thy quick return!

Do not linger—life's before thee,
Sunnier paths are op'ning fast,
And the clouds so lately glooming
With Earth's storms for thee have past!
Thine has been a youth of sorrow,
And a childhood of Despair,
But there beams a bright to-morrow,
And thy future hours are fair!

Come, then, Brother! do not listen
To the voice that bade thee roam;
Many an eye with joy will glisten
When it sees thee safe at home!
Many a heart whose founts seem frozen
Will be thaw'd that gladsome day,
And the clouds of doubt and anguish
From our spirits pass away!

Hasten, therefore—hasten homewards,
Welcome warm and true to meet;
Where the mem'ry of past dangers
Will make safety doubly sweet!
I will pray that God may bless thee
With all gifts of joy and love;
And besides these—fit thy spirit
For its perfect rest above!

May we all, dear Brother, gather
Round the throne of love and grace,
And entreat our Heav'nly Father
For the sunshine of His face!
May we feel that earthly troubles,
Earthly bliss will pass away;
But that Heav'n's bright store of pleasures
Will be lasting, and for aye!

This rememb'ring—life's dark moments
All will vanish from our sight,
And the thorniest of its pathways
Lead us on to realms of light;
There to dwell again in rapture
With those dearest to us here;
If whilst treading earth's dark valley
We in virtue persevere!

Think of this, and think, my Brother,
That thy sisters love thee well,
And that God is watching o'er thee
Wheresoe'er thy footsteps dwell!
May we meet once more, and gather
Round the holy household hearth,
Then its quiet will be broken
By the blessed sound of mirth!

We will listen to thy dangers,
We will drive thy cares away—
And a happy thankful feeling
From that moment shall have sway!
All our hearts, my darling Brother,
With a sense of joy will swell;
Such as has not fallen upon them
Since our sorrowful farewell!

HYMN.

God of Power! God of Love!
From Thy mercy-seat above
Hear a Sinner's call!
Cleanse my overburden'd heart,
Teach my soul her better part,
Be my life! My all!

Wand'ring in the world's highway,
All my footsteps turn astray,
None may Heav'nward tend!
Voices whisp'ring in my ear,
Fill my heavy heart with fear—
Aid me, God and Friend!

Thro' the stormy hours of life,
Conflicts dread and inward strife—

Nerve my pow'rless arm:
Be to me a temper'd shield,
Teach my hand the sword to wield—
Keep me from alarm!

When the smiles of Earth are brightest,
And its glowing skies seem lightest,
Lord, may'st Thou be near!
Keep my heart from wand'ring from Thee,
Fix its fleeting hopes upon Thee,
Make Thy Heav'n more clear!

So that turning not aside
To the haunts of worldly pride
I may rest in Thee;
And thy love and peace be giv'n
Safe from earthly stain or leav'n
Freely unto me!

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

I saw her in the morning prime
Of life's unclouded hour,
Rich in the gifts of summer time,
And blooming as a flow'r!
I heard her laugh so clear and deep
Ring thro' the azure sky,
And now I turn aside and weep
O'er those dear days gone by!

I knew her first when childhood's light
Was on her sunny brow,
And when her step was proud and bright
And different to now!
Her spirit is as tameless still,
Her heart as warm and free,
Tho' many a cloud of grief and ill
Hath chas'd its sunny glee!

Death hath been near her—Death among
The forms that with her grew;
And vanish'd hence—the fair, the young,
The lovely, and the true!
The voice that of all voices thrill'd
The quickest thro' her heart,
In the cold grave has long been still'd
By Death's malignant dart!

And dried are now the bitter tears
That o'er his corse were wept;
New hopes have sprung for future years,
Hopes that for long have slept!
Would that they slumber'd still—nor rose
Buoyant to upper air,
To shake their pearly wings—then close
For ever in despair.

* * * * * * *

She is a wife now: calm and meek
She treads her silent way,
Still bloom the roses on her cheek,
And still the smiles have sway!—
Have sway to light the hearth of him
To whom her vows were spoke,
Tho' many a brilliant spell within
Of happiness is broke!

But never in this changing sphere
Can aught of perfect be;
Care makes his dreaded sojourn here,
And pain and misery!
And happy are those hearts whose love
Rests on no mortal thing,
But garner'd up in realms above,
From hence take speedy wing!

Happy! because they turn to One
Who cannot change or die,
And who, when life's dark course is run,
Will welcome them on high!—
Welcome with strains of joyousness,
No human heart may know,
But which, in spheres of righteousness
Above, will ever flow!

I watch her in her secret ways—
I see her moving on;
Nor churlishly bestow my praise
Upon that pensive One!
For many a weary combat,
And many a fight has she,
To banish dreams of other hours,
And days of vanish'd glee!

And well she does it—well her smile
Lights up her husband's heart;
He, little guessing all the while,
The thoughts she bids depart!
Nor seeming e'en to view the shade
Upon her forehead fair,
So diff'rent to the light that play'd
Erewhile in sunshine there!

Sometimes a rushing torrent's foam
O'er her poor heart will sweep,
A quenchless yearning for that home
Whose hush is still and deep!
A feeling that the charm is gone
From all Earth's varied bow'rs,
And that a dark'ning spell is thrown
E'en o'er its loveliest flow'rs!

And then she weeps—but soon her tears
Are dried—or wiped away—
And self-possession's pow'r appears
With more than usual sway!
She seeks for strength in earnest pray'r
To *Him* that's ever nigh,
And who, if we entreat Him well,
Will Heav'nly aid supply!

And thus upon her even way
Sylph-like she treadeth on,
Casting all idle dreams away
Of days for ever gone!
Yet bearing still in mind each heart
That loved her well of yore,
And praying, tho' on earth they part,
To meet on Heav'n's bright shore!—

To meet where Jealousy nor Fear
Shall cloud one happy face;
But each to each unveil'd appear
In majesty and grace!
In light such as the Angels knew
Before they err'd from good,
But which will greet our joyful view
Again in magnitude!

THE SPIRIT'S SONG.

I AM flying—I am flying—
To a bright land up afar,
Where there'll be no pain, no dying,
In some sweet sequester'd star!

See ye how my wings unfolding,
Many a glorious tint display,
Which ye wonder in beholding;
Hues of Immortality!

Oh! the golden streams are playing—
I can hear their gushing sound
Through the woods and meadows straying,
By poor mortals never found!

Whence are those sad sounds of weeping?
Do ye mourn a spirit's flight
From the gloom where friends are keeping
Weary watch thro' shades of night?

Mourn not, for I rise victorious
From the battle-field of Earth,
And my future course is glorious,
As the sunset rich in worth!

I have known the toil and sorrow
Of the worldling's thorny way,
Struggling for the bright to-morrow
To be mine in Heav'n for aye!—

To be mine, with endless pleasure,
Such as none on Earth may know,
And a never-fading treasure
Hidden from the sight below!

Weep not, therefore—keep your tears
For poor pilgrims toiling on
In painfulness and weary fears,
Lest Heaven should ne'er be won!

I stretch my bright wings; for before me
Pastures green attract my sight,
And thro' the vast Infinity
There streams a shadowy light!

Angel eyes are gazing on me,
Angel harps are sounding near,
Welcoming with Jubilate
To their own attractive sphere!

"Oh, farewell! farewell for ever!"
For Heaven's golden shores are won,
And Death's dark, mysterious river
Lies between me and the Sun!

Clouds divide us—Mem'ry fails me,
Of the Earth now hid from view,
And I enter on the wide sea
Of a being ever new!—

Of a being pure and holy,
On a calm, delicious shore,
Which will breathe of pleasure only
For the long forevermore!

THE ALIEN.

Oh, Christmas is a mournful time,
A mournful time to me,
I do not love the village chime
Or sound of revelry!
There are none around my hearth to play,
Who knew me in a happier day!

My Husband and my Child are far
Across the salt sea's foam,
And 'neath the pale Atlantic Star
Is now their chilly home!
They think of me, perhaps, and weep,
Their tones mayn't reach me o'er the deep!

I am all friendless and alone,
The mem'ry of the past
Still haunts me with its mocking tone
On Winter's icy blast!

And thoughts of vanish'd hours return,
And in my aching spirit burn!

Where are ye, Sisters? Brothers, where?
The grave—the grave hath one;
He slumbers calmly, lonely there—
My Childhood's blessed Sun!
The rest are 'midst the bright and gay,
Cold and forgetful, far away!

And how much longer must I pine
As one estranged—forgot—
And in my mother's native clime
Lament my lonely lot!
Many there are who bore my name,
But all now frown on me the same!

I have no chance for future days,
My fate is fix'd and dark;
And few of Hope's alluring rays
May reach me from its Ark!
But there are happier worlds where I
Perhaps may dwell eternally!

And there the friendships of my Youth
May all rebloom again,
And Falsehood's voice be drown'd by Truth
With her celestial strain!
And those who loved me once may see
They err'd in thus forgetting me!

LINES ON BIDDING ADIEU TO COSHAM.

Oh, happy scenes! I must bid ye farewell,
For I go on a stranger shore to dwell,
And I never shall see ye more:
The dreams of the past, and its hours of joy,
The future may dim, but cannot destroy,
Tho' their radiance be clouded o'er!

I have gazed on ye long with a deep delight,
And a joyance no sorrow could taint or blight,
And therefore I love ye well:
But I'm parting now, and a falling tear
Betrayeth the sadness that's hidden here,
In my spirit's secret cell!

I have watch'd the spring in its early youth,
Like the young heart radiant with joy and truth,
As it open'd o'er each scene:

The leaves and the flow'rs as they first spring up,
And the showers o'erflowing sweet Nature's cup,
Where my bounding foot hath been!

And the Sea!—the delight of my restless heart
Was to watch its bright billows advance and part,
And to envy its ceaseless play;
And its freedom, of course, uncheck'd by man,
Enduring for ever throughout the span
Of Eternity's long day!

But farwell to all! to the friends whose bliss
Was in doing their best for my happiness;
And whose kind smiles beam'd so bright,
That to lose their sunshine will make it seem
A fearful change has come over life's dream,
Which turneth its day to night!

Yet I linger on, with a vain, deep sigh,
For the phantoms of hours now long pass'd by,
For visions for ever flown;
When I dreamt that my spirit could never part
From the cherish'd love of an alien heart,
And pictured it all mine own!

When I heard sweet voices, whose music fled,
May no more o'er my pathway a rapture shed,
Nor mingle again with mine:
For all cold and strange are their whispers now,
And hush'd for ever affection's vow
As the last year's mournful chime!

But I must not muse on my hours of bliss,
Or they'll wake up a deeper regret for this,
And I shall not bid farewell,
As I hope to do, with a quiet smile,
Worn as a mask, to conceal awhile
Griefs that I dare not tell!

So adieu! adieu! and may blessings fall
With a healing power upon one and all,
Who smooth'd my pathway here;
And may the remembrance of vanish'd hours,
With their days of gloom, and their months of flow'rs,
For evermore be dear!

February 9th, 1849.

HYMN.

By the gushing waters,
Thro' the valleys green,
Where the pebbly streamlets
Ever sparkling seem;
And the thirsty, and the tired,
Meet with rest so long desired,
Lead me, Lord, I pray!
There refreshing evening
Sheds its cooling pow'r,
And the blight and canker
Fall not on the flow'r!
All is pure and brightly beaming,
Joy unto our souls revealing,
Freed from dark Decay!

Oh! my God, my Saviour!
Not on me alone
Falls the heavy shadow
To poor mortals known!

Nor companionless I'm treading
Paths we labour in unthreading,
Rocky, thorn-bestrewn!
Help me in my travel
O'er the toilsome way,
Myst'ries to unravel,
Aid me, Lord, I pray!
And when weary and despairing,
Other lots with mine comparing,
Leave me not astray!

Raise my longing spirit
To that home whose light
Shines upon our darkness
Thro' the dreary night!
May angelic visions cheer me,
And kind spirit voices near me
Keep me from affright!
So that earthly sorrow,
Earthly stains may be
But as storm-clouds pending
O'er a waveless sea;
Whose pure surface all unfearful
Keeps its silent aspect cheerful,
In serenity!

Satan's toils are spreading
Thick around our path;
Gilding o'er the treading
To the tents of wrath!
We scarce know what paths to follow,
Every human help seems hollow—
Guide us, Lord, aright!
And when sinking raise us,
Cheer each drooping heart;
To the fainting spirit
Ready aid impart:
So that soon, our souls attaining
Heav'nly joys, shall cease complaining
In the realms of light!

STANZAS.

Could we but meet once more, dear friend,
Tho' for a few short hours,
That meeting would bring great relief
To these worn hearts of ours!

We parted 'neath a heavy cloud,
A silence as of Death;
Pride bound us in his hateful shroud,
And chill'd us with his breath!

I long'd to speak—but bitterness
Was heavy at my heart,
And hardly didst thou feel it less,
Tho' seeming glad to part!

That pride has blighted all my way,
And even dimm'd thy brow;
I know but for its hateful ray
We should have met ere now!—

We should have pass'd some blessed hours,
As loving brothers do—
Have walk'd on earth and gather'd flowers,
Of Friendship's fadeless hue!

But now all Nature wears a veil
Of darkness in my sight,
And ev'ry voice a whisper'd tale
Of earthly grief and blight!

I know not if thy path is blest,
But I believe it not;
For e'en in former hours, unrest
Was written on thy lot!

Oh! could we meet as erst we met,
With hearts to friendship true;
A ling'ring ray of pleasure yet
Might gild our last adieu!

And both look up to Heaven and smile
With thankfulness and love,
That crosses sent us for awhile,
Have raised our hearts above!

INVOCATION.

Stars of Heaven, that shine above us,
In your bright though distant sphere,
Tell me if the friends that love us
Can behold our wand'rings here?
If the angels, from the glory
Of their peaceful home on high,
Look upon our human story
With a kind and pitying eye!

Do they haunt us through the long night?
Do they watch beside our bed?
Grieve to see the thorns and briars
All around our pathway spread!
Can they whisper to our spirits
Words of comfort and of love?
Intercede through Jesu's merits
For our erring souls above!

Answer, answer!—if it may be,
Whisper that they know us still;
And, that though so far above us,
We may commune hold at will!
That their glory has not shaken
The deep love they bore us here,
But their sympathies awaken
Strongly as on Earth's dim sphere!

Stars! your radiance often kindles
Strange thoughts in my wond'ring breast;
And I fancy ye are spirits
Peering from your homes of rest.
Looking down with tender gazes
On the motley crowd below,
Weeping ofttimes o'er the mixture
Of our bitter draught of woe!

If it is so—burn on brightly,
For ye raise our souls on high,
And your sweet light calms the spirit
In its earthly agony!
Soothes us—when we gaze upon ye
With a wond'ring, earnest look,
Tracing all the lines imprinted
In Heaven's strange mysterious book!

But tell me—tell me I shall greet ye
In that other kindlier sphere,
Unburden'd by the shadows glooming
O'er my darken'd spirit here!
That in distant worlds of brightness,
I may yet in glory reign;
Freed from all this life's dread burden
Of despair, and doubt, and pain!

That ye'll bid me kindly welcome—
Meet me half way as I fly,
Clothed in robes of spotless whiteness
To the soft ethereal sky!
Teach me all your songs of rapture,
All the praise ye ceaseless sing,
Thankful for your bright existence,
To the ever blessed King!

But 'tis vain—this life's before me,
All the paths by Sorrow trod,
And the furious battle raging
'Twixt the love of earth and God!
Aid me when at last I enter
The dark dreaded vale of Death;
Calm my soul, when Nature's longings
Cease with this fast fleeting breath!

Let your glances be upon me,
Let your brightness pierce my heart,
Chasing far the clouds of darkness,
Bidding earthly thoughts depart!
Whisper on—but whisper gently,
Whilst Death's troubled stream I brave,
That the friends long sorrow'd over,
I shall meet beyond the grave!

TO A SISTER ON HER MARRIAGE.

When I am absent far away,
Passing in grief my lonely day;
When clouds o'erhang the wintry sky,
And not one gleam of hope is nigh;
But darkness, from within, without,
Casts round its rays of dread and doubt,
And not one form I love is near,
Thine, dearest sister, will appear!

Appear—to meet mine earnest gaze,
As cherish'd as in bygone days;
The sunshine of thy loving smile
Will brighten my sad fate awhile;
And those dear eyes—like some sweet star,
Banish all clouds of gloom afar;
And summon back, with their sweet ray,
Remembrance of a happier day!

Oh! may thy life be one bright dream,
And calmly flow for thee its stream;
May never one least wish of thine
Unrealised, in mist decline;
But may all love thee, lovely one,
As truly as I long have done:
As fondly as *he will*, who shares
Henceforward all thy joys and cares!

I may not dwell upon the *past;*
Its visions were not form'd to last!
They came and left—but o'er me now
There streameth a celestial glow:
A light that tells me of the glee
The future hath in store for thee;
The many, many years of joy
That shall be *thine* without alloy!

Thy heart is young, and gay, and light,
Reflecting all that's good and bright;
Thine every thought, like thy fair brow,
As pure and open in its glow;
And never may the world dispel
The virtues all now love so well;
Or cool with its insidious art
The warm affections of thy heart!

Oh! love me still:—oh, sometimes send
One kind thought to an absent friend!
And let us be as we have been,
Though chance and changes intervene;
So when we meet, when months have flown,
I may believe thee still *mine own;*
And feel, to bless my lonely lot,
Thy gentle spirit changeth not!

SELF VINDICATION.

Call me not changing—I have vainly sought
A kindred spirit 'mongst the many round;
Still linger'd fondly on the pleasing thought,
That such a one might even yet be found

Deem me not reckless, tho' I seem to scorn
The worldling's smile as truly as his sneer;
And tho' the common path so beat and worn,
My willing steps shall never venture near!

I prize what little good in life is left;
I love the virtuous—and the wicked dread;
Yet could not bow me to their laws, bereft
Of all with power a halo round to shed!

Leave me to choose my path—it may be strange
I shun what others bow to; and descry
In the world's laws need of a pressing change,
And 'mongst its votaries—sad discrepancy!

From what it loved, my spirit never ranged,
Till cold neglect, and distance bade it wake
From each bright dream, to find the Idol changed,
And see Love's golden links with sorrow break!

There beats no kindly heart by me unprized,
No soothing word unnoticed meets mine ear;
Nor is one little action e'er despised,
Or look of kindness, from a friend that's dear!

'Tis true I sometimes doubt; but then the world
Has so much malice, that it bids us dread
Those we most love,—lest suddenly unfurl'd,
Dark clouds of change should sweep around our head!

And should it come unlook'd for, then the pain
Is all the harder and the worse to bear;
We make rash vows no more to trust again,
Our wounds scarce heal'd—these hasty vows forswear!

And such is Life! evil and good still blend,
Brightly and darkly in our human sky;
Cloud following sunshine, till the final end
Of all that meets Creation's wond'rous eye!

Then Faith will rise supreme, and from the dust
Spring forth such Hope and Love, as never here
May bless our sight; but which rejoicing must,
Rekindling bloom in Heaven's celestial sphere!

THE NUN.

The night winds are sighing round the walls,
Where the Nun's light footstep softly falls;
And darkness dwells upon each scene,
Late clothed in sunset's brilliant sheen.
No sound is heard, save the convent bell,
Slow tolling the daylight's parting knell.

And where art thou, Clarice, where?—
Offering thy silent pray'r
At the Virgin's blessed shrine,
Forgetful of me and mine?
Whence is the sigh that heaves thy breast?
Has it not found its boasted rest?
Is not thy spirit freed from ill?—
Speak—does the world's pride dwell there still?
Or, beneath that wimple and sable vest,
Beats there a heart in its wild unrest?

Once thou wert free, Clarice—free to roam
'Mongst the valleys and hills of thy native home:
The loved were around thee—the kind and true,
Join'd in thy laughter, and with thee grew.
Sorrow had never thy raptures hush'd,
Or the waters of grief from their fountains gush'd.
Radiant wert thou in the taintless truth,
The joyous perfections of early youth!

Each hour and day, from its changing wing,
Did fresh ripe beauties around thee fling;
Each charm of person, and grace of mind,
In thee seem'd loveliest, most refined;
And none could view thee without amaze,
Fixing in rapture their ardent gaze.
Oh! that such vision of grace and light
Should vanish for ever from mortal sight!

Rememb'rest thou, Clarice, that pensive morn
When, seated together beneath the thorn
In thy fav'rite arbour, I vainly sought
To bestow a shape on each burning thought;—
When madly I pour'd forth my love, my pray'r,
The hopes then kindling—now crush'd in air?
Oh! sadly the gaze of those pensive eyes
Thrill'd through my heart with their mute replies

And slowly arising, with upturn'd eye,
An instant thou gazed on the sunny sky;
And drew in strength, as by heav'nly aid,
To give a force to the words then said.
All sadly I listen'd, with heart of gloom,
For that moment had fix'd my future doom;
And I knew it was vain to mourn or pray
That what then was spoken thou would'st unsay!

Thou told'st me of one in a distant land,
To whom thou hadst plighted thy cherish'd hand;
How the hopes of thy spirit had dwelt on him,
And without his affection all else was dim;
How the sun of thy life would cease to shine
If thy spirit was forced to yield to mine;
And prayedst me, Clarice, to tell to none
Thy secret tie to this much-loved one!

Oh! I felt it then, and I feel it now,
It was hard indeed to thy will to bow;
For I'd friends most anxious to urge my claim,
I'd earthly honours and a noble name;
Broad lands, and all that would quickly move
And obtain thy parents' speedy love.
Much as they priz'd thee, thy fate were seal'd,
If once thy secret to them reveal'd!

The struggle was hard, but the will was strong,
Though the love of self did the fight prolong;
But 'twas vanquish'd; for, oh! I could not bear
To cast o'er thy forehead a shade of care,
To dim the light of those beauteous eyes,
Or fill thy spirit with ceaseless sighs.
'Twere much more natural—better far,
The strong should suffer, than thou, sweet star!

I gave the promise—then turn'd away
To hide the anguish that in me lay.
My heart throbb'd loud, and I dared not speak,
Though the will was stubborn, the flesh was weak;
And I dreaded lest thou, my own, should'st see
The *all* I had yielded for love of thee!
Hadst thou dreamt of my sorrow wild and deep,
'Twould have haunted the dreams of thy peaceful sleep!

'Twould have cast a shade o'er thy morning hours,
And blighted the radiance of Spring's sweet flow'rs;
Have sown with sadness the land of light
Spread out by Fancy before thy sight;
Have dimm'd the rapture of Love's young dream,
And reveal'd thee Sorrow's painful gleam;
Have broken, in short, through the blissful spell
Which circled thy footsteps wherever they fell!

So we parted—I left thee—left thee there;
The all I had dwelt on—my hope—my pray'r—
My haven of light—and my dream of love,
As pure and as sainted as aught above!
The shrine I had knelt at for many a day,
From youth to manhood, seem'd crumbled away.
The idol was shatter'd, and never again
Could I build up another to worship the same!

But, oh! thou wast happy, Clarice, then,
And glad were thy parting accents, when
Thou bad'st me adieu, and murmur'd yet
Some trivial hope I might soon forget;
A trust that the future for me would seem
As cloudless and bright as the past had been.
Oh! thou didst not know what a pang was mine,
As I gaz'd on thee then, for the last, last time!

I travell'd afar, and I sought in vain
A balm for my anguish, a lull to pain!
Joy could not reach me—sleep had no rest—
Peace was a stranger to my dark breast;
Life a dread burden—for hope was gone;
Tears were my solace—my only one!
But at last I pray'd for strength to bear
My wand'ring steps to my native air!

I return'd—but, oh! what a change had pass'd
O'er the lovely scenes where I saw thee last!
Gone was thy bright smile, thy young step flown,
And hush'd in the proud halls thy liquid tone!
Vanish'd the spells that were cast around,
And the cold and the mournful only found!
Oh! that this earth should have sadd'ning power,
Such as fell on my heart that vanish'd hour!

The tale was soon told—and a mournful one;
For thy heart's deep treasure, early gone,
Had faded and died, and the distant wave
Murmur'd and wept o'er his lonely grave!
He had been summon'd for ever away
From this world's brightness, so why should'st thou stay?
What was the voice of affection to thee,
When thy heart's best loved one thou might'st not see!

They show'd me this building, and pointed where
Thou hadst hid from the worldly thy bosom's care.
The flower of beauty and grace was gone,
And thy heart's best feelings were turn'd to stone!
Oh! it's deeply mournful to think that now
I may never behold thy angel brow,
Or drink from those eyes, with their saintly beam,
One long deep draught, as from rapture's stream!

But, oh! art thou happy? thou canst not be;
So prison'd, so caged in thy privacy.
That free-born spirit was form'd to soar,
To roam at will, as it may no more!
That voice was fitted to murmur low,
In the language of love, and not of woe!
Oh! why didst thou seek at the Virgin's shrine
That peace which can only be granted by time?

But 'tis idle—'tis useless to mourn thee now,
For thou'rt vanish'd for ever—thy cloister'd vow
Has been written above, and register'd here,
And earth hails thee the Bride of a happier sphere.
The world's noise at least has been shut from thy breast,
And its portals are closed on thy haven of rest.
To the psalm and the pray'r will re-echo the tone
Which thrill'd through my pulses in hours long flown!

But I hear it, sweet Clarice, at ev'ning's hour,
And it falls on my spirit with soothing pow'r;
It seems like a sorrowful dirge for the lost,
For sad souls like mine, which grief's tempests have toss'd.
It whispers of Faith—of that bright land afar,
Where the blessed shall dwell in a happier Star;
And where nothing shall part us, but peace be given,
And our thirsty souls quench'd in the rivers of Heav'n!

STANZAS.

I ask thee to remember me,
Tho' I am far removed,
And thou art now with other friends
Perhaps more fondly loved!
I ask thee for the sake of one
Whose hours are sad, and dark, and lone!

I trace thy footsteps where thou art,
In dreams I hear thy voice;
But only then faint gleams of Hope
Bid my lorn heart rejoice!
In waking hours I vainly sigh
For happiness that's now pass'd by!

I know not why I always feel
As if of hope bereft;
I know not why dark shadows steal
Since thou this place hast left:
But rarely do I dare to look
Upon the Future's misty book

I ask thee to remember me,
And wilt thou do so now?
I know thou would'st if thou could'st read
The sorrow on my brow!
If thou could'st feel the hopeless woe
That shrouds my weary path below!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

Sweet spirit! thou art flying
From Earth's damps away—
To realms where flow'rs undying
Breathe not of Decay!
From the storms of winter
Seeking sweet repose,
Where no clouds can darken,
And no north wind blows!

In thy dusky chamber
Friends are watching near—
Sadness in their bosoms,
In each eye a tear!
Anguish for their loved one
Shows in ev'ry face;
And the home that holds thee
Is a mournful place!

Bitter is the parting,
Rending earthly ties—
Bitter—but thy spirit
Only homeward flies!
Wherefore do they weep thee,
Weary Pilgrim here?
Wherefore wish to keep thee
From thy heav'nly sphere!

Husband! in thy sorrow,
Thou can'st gaze above,
Kiss the hand that chastens
With a Father's love!
Raise the Cross He sends thee,
Place it on thy back;
Journey calmly onward
On life's weary track!

Aunt! thy years are hast'ning
To their final end;
Therefore, brief thy parting
From this cherish'd friend!
Soon in regions holy,
Ye again shall meet,
Join in fond embraces
Round the mercy seat!

Ties of earth are sev'ring,
Vanish'd hours of bliss,
Return with holy calm
Painfully to this!
Dreams of youthful moments,
Days of love and light;
How sad the contrast seems
With this o'erhanging night!

Through the deep'ning shadows,
From the hidden shore;
And the parting struggles
Soon to be no more!
Light is bursting on thee,
Brilliant in its glow;
Mantling on thy pale cheek,
And thy marble brow!

Angel light from Heav'n,
Evermore to shine,
In unchanging brightness,
Beauteous and divine!
Angel harps are waiting
Welcome warm to send,
Seraph songs of rapture
Joyfully will blend!

Farewell, gentle spirit!
Farewell, for awhile!
We can bear to lose thee,
With thy placid smile
We will gladly yield thee
To His arms whose love
Op'd the golden entrance
Of the gates above!

For this earth is chilly,
And its pleasures fade,
And each ray of sunshine
Has its gloomy shade!
Pain and anguish darken
Ev'ry happy hour,
And a death stain lingers
O'er each lovely flow'r!

Where thou goest, no shadows
Greet thee from Decay,
And no thorns or briars
Cling about thy way!
Streams of water gushing
Pure and bright are nigh,
And thy home's a fadeless one
Of pleasure in the sky!

RETROSPECTION.

Oh! never more, oh! never more,
Thine eye will rest on mine;
Nor yet again, nor yet again,
My voice reply to thine!

Silence is o'er the happy past,
Dim clouds the future veil;
And on life's dark and waveless sea
Is seen no distant sail!

No sail from Hope's far shore, and yet
Remembrance clings to thee;
And vanish'd hours are with me still,
In visions wild and free!

Dreams—fitful dreams of days whose light
Was brilliant, calm, and clear,
Whose sunshine was undimm'd by blight,
Pure from another sphere!

The lighted halls that held us once,
We ne'er shall see again:
Nor ever hear in concert more,
The soft and thrilling strain!

One path is thine—a dazzling one,
Perchance a happy too!
But *I* amidst the world's gay throng
Shall still remember you!

And when the name so fondly loved,
From stranger lips I hear,
I still shall feel that none on earth
Can ever be more dear!

Oh! that the past for me could seem,
As it hath seem'd to thee;
Oh! that my love was fantasy,
As thine has been for me!

I should not be so mournful then,
Nor weep when others smile—
Nor bear within my heart a grief
No power can e'er beguile!

Now fare thee well! a long farewell!
And blessings on thy lot—
For wheresoe'er thy steps may roam
Thou shalt not be forgot!

LONELY MUSINGS.

Sweet breath of spring that fann'st my brow
So coolly and so lightly now,
I love to feel thy spell;
Tho' sadness lurks in thy sweet pow'r
Recalling dreams of vanish'd hour!
Of moments lov'd too well!

Oh! for a heart so calmly pure
'Twould be from earthly ills secure,
And for a better state;
Where worldly stains might never pass
Athwart true Pleasure's magic glass,
Nor darken o'er our fate!

I know not what is in my heart,
But some strange feeling, far apart
From this world dwelleth there;
A yearning for more lasting ties,
For Heav'nly hopes and sympathies,
And a release from care!

From that dread weight of worldliness
Which o'er each spirit, more or less,
With chilling pow'r is thrown;
Which binds our hearts, and casts a spell
On what would else be beautiful,
And makes us feel alone!

Alone—without a friend to share
The damps of life's oft wintry air,
Or cheer our onward way;
Seeking the flowers which now and then,
Even in this drear abode of men
Around our footsteps stray!

Oh! 'twould be well if we could shun
All earthly thoughts, and onward run
In peacefulness our course;
If we could live—our hours beguile
Without the worldling's changeful smile,
And find true Pleasure's source!

But still, alas! we vainly yearn
For feelings which may ne'er return,
For perfect peace and rest;
And never to our mortal sight
Will they be granted in their light,
They dwell but with the blest!

We may attain them if we seek
With spirits strong in faith, and meek,
Our weary path to tread;
If we devote to higher themes
The hours that erst were spent in dreams,
In tears for pleasure fled?

But, oh! the struggle will be strong
With our own hearts, and fierce and long,
And few the fight will gain;
Till years have pass'd in darkness by,
Grief bow'd the head, and dimm'd the eye
Beneath his wasting chain!

And then perchance the hidden rays
Of Joy and Truth may bless our gaze,
And all be peace within!
May it be so!—and may we turn,
And pour our full hearts o'er the urn
Where lies departed sin!

THE PEACEFUL HOME.

I CROWN'D her with the myrtle wreath,
And on her pure pale brow, where Death
His hateful shadows threw,
Did press such frenzied kisses—warm
Enough to heat anew the form
Despite its icy hue!

I sought the early flow'rs of spring,
The first the new-born Sun could bring,
And laid them on her there:
I bent me down, and by her side
Let loose the agonising tide
Of soul-subduing pray'r.

I knelt in silence, till that hour,
The last, the last—the worst;
When forth they took her—then the dow'r
Of Hope upon me burst!
And, oh! I follow'd where they bore
Until the last sad rite was o'er!

I saw them lay her in the grave,
The grave so many dread;
And heard the rustling branches wave
Above her lowly head!
And then I bless'd the slumber giv'n
To *one* so loved of earth and Heav'n!

I knew not that from youth and bloom,
My turn for rest would come so soon,
Life's day so early fled;
But take me, take me, lay me there,
Low in that blessed mansion where
Repose the happy dead!

And plant one flow'r, one summer flow'r,
Above my place of rest,
And place the Cross, that sign of pow'r
Upon my weary breast!
And sometimes come, kind friend, to share
The blessed calm that lingers there!

ON

THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE BROTHER.

Thou art gone, my Angel Brother!
Gone, gone! and never more
Will Earth to all our bitter tears
Thy much loved form restore!

The ocean waves between us roll,
And in a distant clime,
The flaming sun went down upon
Thy young life's calm decline!

We *saw thee not:* no friend was near,
No friend from Home's bright bow'rs;
But there were those who watch'd beside,
And cheer'd thy dying hours!

And thou wert calm, my Brother, then,
And peaceful to the last;
Tho' chance sad thoughts of absent friends
Within thy bosom past!

And if thou wept'st, 'twas but a tear
For those now left behind,
To mourn the loss of one like thee
For ever good and kind!

We know that thou art happy now,
Within thy Father's home;
That earthly tempests never more
Shall teach thy bark to roam!

Oh, Brother! could we but have knelt
Beside thy lonely grave,
Or heard the slow sad fun'ral peal
Strike o'er the distant wave!

Or seen thee but a moment; cold,
Yet lovely still, and fair;
We might have ask'd for solace then,
And hush for our despair!

But thou art gone for evermore,
And years have pass'd away,
Since last upon that face we gazed
Which now is lifeless clay!

And when that noble voice we heard,
Melting with parting pain;
Little we thought that on this earth
We ne'er should meet again!

Oh! that Azrael's will might sweep
O'er me with deadly blow;
And send my aching spirit forth
From this sad world below!

To dwell with thee, sweet Brother, mine,
With thee in peaceful rest;
Is the warm pray'r that gushes up
From out my weary breast!

THE FORSAKEN.

Yes; you have cast my love away,
But you may need it yet;
And dwell hereafter on this day
With feelings of regret!
I do not ask you to repent,
Nor yet give back to view
The treasure I have long misspent,
In lavishing on you!

I pray you turn back to the hours
When first you sought my love;
The Spring was bursting forth its flow'rs,
The skies were blue above!
My heart was fresh, and calm, and pure,
Fill'd with youth's sweet delight;
But *now* it knows how insecure
Is all that's fair and bright!

You taught the lessons of Despair,
  You changed the light to dark,
And with the heavy wand of Care
  Drove Hope to seek its Ark!
You quench'd the joyousness of youth
  And shatter'd all the strings,
Which sounded sweetly once, ere Truth
  Had learn'd to use her wings!

The wreck is left—the wreck alone—
  Of what was fair to view;
The Instrument has lost its tone,
  The leaf has changed its hue!
And sadly now the sunshine streams
  On eyes that sought its light,
All gladly once, but which its beams
  May never more delight!

And yet I blame you not—your heart
  Will need some solace yet;
And when your summer hours depart,
  You'll view them with regret!
And think, perchance, of vanish'd days,
  Of one well loved of yore;
For whom Joy's evanescent rays
  Have set for evermore!

This thought will madden in your brain,
Awaking, and in sleep;
And you will wish recall'd again
The *Past*, and vainly weep!
Weep tears, perchance, like those I shed
When first forsook by you;
But idly, for the love that's fled
You never can renew!

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

Mother, I dare not cross the stream,
Its shores are dim and dark,
A thousand misty shadows seem
To shroud yon fragile bark!
The tempests frown, the waves run high,
The furious storms begin,
As struggling with Eternity,
And must I venture in?

"My child, my child, and wherefore fear?
This troubled stream should move
No murmurs of despair or fear,
But rather words of love!
Think, 'tis the last time grief shall shake
For endless years thy frame,
Then from this human weakness break,
And bless thy Saviour's name!

"Call on the Spirit of thy God!
He'll lead thee safely through
The paths His suff'ring footsteps trod,
And make thee blessed too!
Remember He himself has borne
The weight of human ill,
The agony of spear and thorn;
And He will guide thee still!

"Beyond that flood a land of light,
Of fadeless pleasure lies;
Than Fancy's regions far more bright,
And purer than its skies!
Think, think, my child, what bliss to reign
Upon that peaceful shore,
Where Friendship's tear, Love's parting pain,
Are never heard of more!"

Yes, Mother! but my grave is spread,
And on his poison'd wing,
Death brings me from his kingdom dread
Full many a bitter thing!
And for awhile deep shadows lie
Within my silent heart,
Yet only for awhile, for I
Am longing to depart!

The mists are clearing from my sight,
The darkness passes now,
And rays of pure and heav'nly light
Descend upon my brow!
For on that stream which once he cross'd
My Saviour's form I see,
Walking in calm, tho' tempest toss'd;
And, lo! He beckons me!

Oh! mother, now I long to go
Without one thought of dread,
Tho' Death's dark river long may flow
Above my silent head!
I'll bless the wave that bears me where,
All earthly storms at rest,
I may lie down secure from care
Upon my Saviour's breast!

STANZAS.

Oh! sing me not that well-known strain,
It breathes of other hours—
Of forms I may not see again,
Except in Mem'ry's bow'rs!

It brings me back a much-loved voice,
That erst rang on mine ear,
Whose tones may never more rejoice
So hush their murmurs here!

I heard it oft in vanish'd years,
And listen'd with delight;
But then it did not summon tears,
As, oh! it does to-night!

Something has changed my heart since then,
A shadow's spread around;
And wood and fountain, vale and glen,
Are all beneath it bound!

In childhood how I mark'd each bell,
Each blade of grass that grew,
And counted them all beautiful
And brilliant in their hue!

I cannot see their beauties now,
Their radiance long has flown;
And care's deep lines are on my brow,
And sorrow in my tone!

I wonder at each past delight,
I smile at childish glee!
Each mirthful sound, and look of light,
Has now no charm for me!

I live on thoughts of vanish'd hours,
On visions swept away—
Their graves are strewn with faded flow'rs,
Meet off'rings for decay!

So sing me not that well-known strain,
Its chords are in my heart;
And I have striv'n in vain—in vain!
To bid them thence depart!

THE DYING REQUEST.

Bury me not where Childhood's friends
In the green Churchyard lie;
Nor let the dark yews from my grave
Shut out the glowing sky!
I would not that one foot should tread
Above my calm and grass-grown bed!

I have a wish to be alone,
As I in life have been;
Uncheer'd by one kind soothing tone,
Or one sweet fireside scene!
The friends of former hours are not,
And solitude has been my lot!

So seek me out some quiet shade
In the dim forest's gloom;
Where Autumn leaves and breezes sweep
Above my hidden tomb!
And where no prying eye shall find
The spot to which I am consign'd!

And yet there's one I fain would see
Again before I die:
A cherish'd form in infancy,
That wakes my last vain sigh!
Send for her—call her to my bed,
And bid her raise my sinking head!

Ye may not! Well then, ere I go,
I charge ye to convey
To her, the last words that on earth
This voice may ever say.
Tell her that though forgotten long,
My love for her was deep and strong!

That those who sought to raise up strife,
Have sown its seeds in vain—
And still I hope, in other worlds,
That we may meet again!
That she may learn to fix her trust
On Him who's raised me from the dust!

On Him who, when all others spurn,
Speaks to the sinner's heart,
And calls him by His love to turn
From danger's busy mart!
From scenes of worldliness and strife,
To paths that lead to lasting life!

And ask her, when her ev'ning hour,
  Like mine is drawing near,
To put her trust in God's great pow'r,
  And then she need not fear!
For with His arm He'll hold her up,
And sweeten e'en the last dread cup!

I'm going now—I feel a hand
  Supporting all my way—
And see on Heav'n's still distant strand,
  The beacon fires' bright ray!
Voices are murmuring in the air,
Which bid me faint not, nor despair.

Wild are the waves on death's dark stream,
  But well the oarmen row;
And cheering is the heavenly beam
  That lights them with its glow!
Onward they speed—till safe at last
They anchor from life's raging blast!

Farewell! farewell! I've gain'd the shore
  Of peacefulness and rest,
And earthly troubles never more
  Shall stir my weary breast!
Nor wake a sigh for that loved home
From which my footsteps may not roam!

DOST THOU FORGET?

Dost thou forget the happy past?
The hour when first we met?
Has all its brightness fading fast,
Departed from thee yet?
Oh! I remember well each day
Of blessedness now pass'd away!

Summer was bright upon us then,
And birds and flow'rs around,
Made beautiful each wood and glen,
Gave music to each sound!
And my heart hail'd each coming hour,
As tho' dark clouds might never lower!

We met—yes, often met—thy smile
Had charms enough for me,
And gaily pass'd each day, the while
Love's sunshine fell on me!
We roved together—and each scene,
Seem'd clothed in Heav'n's celestial green!

The fields and all around had hues
They never knew before,
Fondly I gazed upon the views
That meet mine eyes no more.
And hours seem'd moments by thy side,
But *now*, how slowly do they glide!

My words, my smiles are nothing now,
Forgotten all by thee;
Thine aspect loved, thy noble brow
Are present still with me!
And words, *kinds words* of thine I hear,
In mock'ry falling on mine ear!

'Tis strange that thou rememb'rest not,
'Tis strange the past should bring
No radiance from my once bright lot
Around thy path to fling:
That other scenes and other hours
Should banish far those days and flowers!

Thou canst not have forgotten yet,
The sad, sad parting hour,
The tears of deep yet vain regret
That fell, a wasted shower:
The gloom upon thine own kind heart,
When call'd from such deep love to part!

These must—I know they must return
Upon thy spirit yet,
And voices from the past's dark urn
Forbid thee quite regret!
Remind thee 'midst the bright and gay,
Of *her*, *the lone one*, far away!

I would not mar one blissful dream,
Nor blight an hour of thine,
For all the fancied joys that stream
From Hope's celestial clime!
Nor cause one sigh, one thought of me
To dim a moment's revelry!

So *fare thee well!* and may thy lot
Be bright, and calm, and blest;
May grief and trouble enter not
Upon thy spirit's rest!
But in a happier world, may we
Be join'd for all eternity!

THE CAPTIVE.

There is a spirit deep and strong, within my troubled heart,
Which bids me from life's stormy scenes and vain desires depart,
And calls me with o'erpow'ring strength, and unsuccumbing sway,
To realms unbreathed on by the blight attending on decay!

And yet, and yet, a mightier spell still chains my spirit here,
A poor worn captive in a strange and uncongenial sphere!
And with the voice of summer streams, and sunset's brilliant skies,
It wakes within my aching heart some murmuring replies!

And breathes of *Home!* Oh! would that word had
power to soothe me now,
To dash the teardrop from mine eye, the darkness
from my brow!
But, no! the friends of early youth have pass'd like
glory's star,
And *mine* is o'er the clouds and tomb where their
bright spirits are!

And He, the light of those glad days—the sunbeam
to my sight,
Ere yet, in glory's full career, I knew a touch of
blight;
Falsehood has bound his feeble heart, his faithless
arm betray'd,
One whose best life-drops would have flow'd to yield
his country aid!

And what is left me now? to weep a Brother's blighted
fame,
And pining here in chains to learn the history of his
shame.
Oh! would that ere this trial came, on valour's gory
bed,
I might have slumber'd with the brave and patriotic
dead!

But, oh! the hour is coming soon, when from this
hated land,
Captive no more, unchain'd and free, I'll seek a brighter
strand:
Soul! thou hast borne on eagle's wings through many
a fearful blast,
And well I know that strength is given for more than
what has past!

Yes, pow'r to conquer! not o'er foes of weak and mortal
birth,
But o'er the stern destroying King, the tyrant of the
earth!
And those, the loved of early years, who've pass'd from
life away,
They bid me mount on freedom's wings triumphant o'er
decay!

From grief and pain, and ling'ring doubts, and from the
tyrant's power,
The bitter cares attending life, the captive's weary
hour;
With joy I'll pass, like summer's breath, that bears not
on its flight
One tinge of Autumn's deep'ning gloom, or Winter's
soberer light.

But yet I give to former scenes and brighter hours a
tear,
And to the mem'ry of the past, for ever present
here;
Whilst seeking from life's weary track, whence joy for
me hath flown,
What never may be mine on earth, a bright and peaceful
home!

SCENES FROM LIFE.

I sun me in the distant scenes
Of many a vanish'd day;
I listen to forgotten themes
Of hours now pass'd away!
And heavily upon my heart
The recollections rise,
Of her who in them bore a part,
Now vanish'd from my eyes!

I see upon a grassy lawn
Two youthful maiden forms;
Each in their spring's resplendent dawn
Unshaken by life's storms!
I hear their converse low and sweet,
And mark their sunny air;
That grassy bank is desolate,
And they're no longer there!

Within that narrow fir-grove shade
I hear their footsteps sound;
Their laughter by the breeze convey'd
Towards the green fields round!
I see their floating dresses pass,
At evening's solemn hour,
Now waves o'er one the churchyard grass,
The worm was in the flower!

Yet side by side those sisters grew,
Their haunts, their hearts the same;
With feelings to each other true,
Despite their kindreds' blame!
They gazed upon the sunset skies
With the deep love of youth,
And fancied all beneath their eyes
Was fraught with love and truth!

Alas! alas! those sunny themes
Have long been with the dead,
And Hope and Joy's delusive dreams
From both poor hearts have fled!
Love was the guide of those pure hours,
The sunshine round their way;
But even from Earth's loveliest bowers
False Love is apt to stray!

Long months they dwelt together,
Sorrow'd, yet trusted on,
Through the dark stormy weather,
Till winter's hours were gone!
Then parted they—and never
To meet, as erst they met;
A veil is cast for ever
Over each past regret!

Friends were they still!—the loveliest one
Amongst the proud and gay,
As a bright peerless comet shone
O'er Fashion's dazzling way!
Bow'd down to by the hateful crowd,
Envied, yet praised by all;
What now is left her but the shroud
And Death's funereal pall!

The other o'er life's toilsome road
Is wand'ring on as yet,
And meekly bearing up the load
Of sorrow and regret!
Far from the world whose hateful wiles
Have rent so many a heart;
And far from flattery's baneful smiles
May her last hours depart!

And may the hearts both fondly loved,
The friends of those bright hours,
When side by side their footsteps roved
Thro' fields, and groves, and bow'rs!
Be with them once again—where Joy
Dwells in her deathless home,
And where no stain of dark alloy
Shall o'er their brightness come!

LINES TO VENT SPLEEN.

Oh! I am weary, weary
With daily, hourly pain;
With the faint feeble effort
To burst the spirit's chain!
To soar on Freedom's wing
Above this grov'lling earth,
And taste the bright'ning influence
Of second blessed birth!

All, all around is cold,
Dull, dead'ning to the eye;
No heart to beat in unison,
No voice to make reply!
Each thought must rest conceal'd,
Each feeling unexpress'd,
Because the world—the hateful world,
Would disapprove the best!

We dare not e'en believe
Affection's vows are true,
Nor can we place a moment's trust
In Friendship's varying hue!
Alas! alas! that Sin,
Suspicion, doubt, and fear,
Should cloud in such a world as this
Our sorrowful career!

Methinks my heart could brave
The worldling's sneer and frown,
And rise above the dead'ning forms
That weigh its spirit down;
But that, alas! e'en those
The very few we trust,
Would coldly chide and turn away,
So follow them we must!

Oh! for the glorious hour,
The hour esteem'd so bright,
When freed from all the ills of Earth,
Our spirits wing their flight
To distant, better worlds, where Love
Reigns in unchanging sway,
And Friendship's pure and holy flame
Shall never more decay!

ON THE DEATH OF A POETESS.

Yes, Songstress! thou art gone
To the far bowers away,
Where earth's deep burning thoughts no more have sway,
Tender and holy One!

Thy gentle heart on earth
Could meet no true repose;
Weigh'd down by sickness, pierced by secret woes,
What was the joy of mirth?

What? what? The winds may blow,
The wintry storms rage on,
Thou heed'st them not; to thy last slumbers gone
Far from this world of woe!

Music may swell—no more
Thy heart's deep chords 'twill stir,
For the fond lute's wild thrilling tones aver
Its triumphs past and o'er!

Still will the Poet sing,
Still, still the voice of Fame
With highest honours crown the minstrel's name,
And thousand plaudits ring!

But *thou*, oh, thou art flown!
Thy soul has found its rest;
We journey sadly here and weep the blest,
The *blest*, long since at *home!*

At that dear home, where night
No raven hues may wear,
But music stirs the sweet celestial air,
And all is purely bright!

Too bright for earth;—away
Dull thoughts of wasted love:
We, too, shall rise the morning's wings above,
Triumphant o'er decay!

And meet at last: no more
From angel dreams to part:
They have their deathless place within the heart
On that blest peaceful shore!

THE MONTH OF MAY.

The month of May! the month of May!
I should like to die in the month of May;
When the trees are green,
And the sun's bright sheen
Doth chase all gloom away!

When the birds sing sweet in the garden bowers,
And the meadows are deck'd with the spring's first flow'rs,
And through the long day
The soft winds play,
As at Eve's delicious hours!

The month of May! the month of May!
When nature is clothed in such bright array,
When fount, wood, and stream,
All glittering seem,
Snatch'd from dark Winter's ungenial sway!

I would not Summer's bright flow'rs should bloom,
Or shed their rich fragrance o'er my lonely tomb;
I sigh for no light
To discern the blight
Which there wraps each object in gloom!

Oh, no! oh, no! let the soft spring shed
Its gifts and its fragrance o'er my peaceful bed;
I love not the changing
Of earth, or its ranging:
So sooner the better I hie to the dead!

I leave not a friend to sigh o'er my doom,
'Tis my own choosing, then wherefore of gloom?
I claim not a tear
To moisten my bier,
But *one* heart must mourn o'er my early tomb!

One heart, one only! I ask for no more,
When the day-dreams of pleasure are vanish'd and o'er;
When the hopes of my heart
In death's dimness depart,
'Twould cheer me on to the unknown shore!

STANZAS.

Chide me not for sorrowing
O'er a dark lot such as mine,
Tell me not of brighter hours
Before my life's decline!

For Friendship's voice unheeded
Hath ceased its strain for me,
And Love hath left me sorrowing
O'er Fate's deep mystery!

Oh! ask me not to cherish
Within my heart once more
Deep yearnings for the vanish'd,
The well-beloved of yore!

A strain of fitful music,
A sad and thrilling lay,
A voice from hours departed,
Floats ever round my way!

And tho' dark clouds o'erhanging
Affright my weary view,
Sometimes amidst their blackness
Appears a spot of blue!

A little spot! to cheer me,
And bid me hope once more—
Then low'r upon my pathway
Clouds blacker than before!

Oh! chide me not for sighing,
That *Truth* doth not dwell here,
That *Change* each heart is swaying
The sov'reign of our sphere!

Oh! bid me not to dry my tears,
But weep along with me,
And pray on earth thy number'd years,
May few and fleeting be!

A DEATH-BED SCENE.

On a proud bed whose curtains fell
With orient richness bound,
And whose dark radiance cast a spell
Of gloomy grandeur round,
There lay the cherish'd form of one
Who was my boyhood's blessed sun!

And slowly came his struggling breath,
And faintly beam'd his eye,
On that bright form the hand of Death
'Twas easy to descry!
Dim was the face that once shone bright,
And gloomy as the hours of night!

No cheering thought had calm'd his brow,
Or nestled in his heart,
Tho' plainly stole upon him now
The summons to depart!
His thoughts were of a far-off scene,
Where erst his roving steps had been!

And faces loved as they were fair
Came back upon his gaze,
With violet eyes and auburn hair,
And hues of vanished days!
And smiles which beam'd for him alone,
But ever kindly sweetly shone!

They had been banish'd from his heart
By the world's blighting tone—
And now, when summon'd to depart,
He felt himself alone!
All that he had of wealth and power
Was nothing in that awful hour!

For tossing on a bed of pain,
What joy could fame bestow?
And what was fashion's courtly train
To one by death laid low!
Vainly he sigh'd for vanish'd bliss,
And broken spells of happiness!

He could not weep—grief had no tears
For one so stern as him—
Dark were the clouds on vanish'd years,
And future prospects dim!
Yet struggling through the fearful shade,
One light o'er his worn spirit play'd!

The light of Hope, that suff'rings past
Had purified his way:
And that he might attain at last
To realms of fadeless day!
Where, earthly faults and feelings o'er,
He might have rest for evermore!

And resting there beside his bed
Were relics of the past;
Which should be with him, so he said,
Until the very last!
The tokens of a former love,
All other feelings far above!

His eyes were on them, and his gaze
Settled as though he saw,
Through the dull radiance of their blaze,
Forms lost for evermore!
Hearts which were true to him, till fate
Render'd their love all desolate!

And, pushing the rich curtains by,
He rose up in the bed,
And bade his sister, who was nigh,
Support his sinking head!
Whilst with a trembling voice he spoke
Words from his heavy heart that broke!

"I ask thee, Sister, to fulfil,
My last commands through good or ill;
And well I know that what I say,
Thy gentle finger will convey
To her I love, whose vanish'd smile
Was ling'ring on my heart erewhile,
And whose remembrance has not flown,
Though every other link is gone!

"Tell her I've struggled long to hush
My sorrow's deep and fervent gush
At losing her; but I can see
God's hand in all that's come on me!
I was too proud—too wild of will,
And much I fear I am so still;
But Heav'n is merciful, and now
Has taught my wayward heart to bow!

"I've caused her pain; I've made her fate
As my own spirit desolate!
I've sadden'd all the earthly lot
Of one whose equal there is not;
For thro' all coldness and all change,
Her love I never could estrange!
Vainly she worshipp'd at a shrine
Decay'd and crumbling such as mine!

"And yet I loved her—thro' my soul
Affection's troubled waters roll;
God only knows what lonely nights
I've linger'd upon past delights;
What weary days I've vainly sigh'd
For tidings which have been denied!
For news of her—the one bright spot,
The oasis of my desert lot!

"'Tis over now—Death's hour is near,
I sink unwept by one kind tear;
No hand save thine may smooth my bed,
Sweet Sister, or support my head;
Far diff'rent might have been my fate,
If sorrow had not come too late;
If my proud heart had stoop'd to own
Its love, before all hope was flown!

"Ask her to think of me no more,
Except as one well loved of yore!
Of one whose aching heart could find
No home with others of his kind;
But whose last prayers ascending high
Were to meet her beyond the sky;
Altho' on earth he seem'd to shun
The deep love of his peerless one!

"And give her back the gifts she gave,
For when I'm in the silent grave,
They'll tell of me—I've prized them well,
As thou, sweet Sister, best can tell!
They were the off'rings of a heart
From which the cold world bade me part
And never since that fatal day
Has Happiness play'd round my way!

"I have deserved the draughts of woe
Which have embitter'd all below,
For many were the tears she shed
To find Love's transient dreams were fled;
Many the anxious hours she spent
Afar from mirth and merriment,
Musing on that unworthy one
Whose earthly race is well nigh run!

"She has forgiv'n me, and I feel
Her daily pray'r is for my weal;
Yet could I see her ere I die,
Methinks my soul in peace might fly;
And in one holy parting kiss
I should awake to Happiness!
To *Happiness!* in Heav'n's bright clime
That feeling may again be mine!"

He sank back on the curtain'd bed,
Breathed but one sigh, the soul was fled;
Though on the clear transparent brow
There linger'd yet a life-like glow;
And on the parted lips there stay'd
The smile which lately o'er them play'd;
As if some angel voice had spoke,
And fresh hopes in his spirit woke!

* * * *

The sister knelt beside him there,
The silent image of Despair!
Praying and weeping o'er the bed
Which held the fondly-cherish'd dead!
The love of early years—the *one*
Whose heart was nearest to her own.
Whose voice had sooth'd her spirit's pain,
And cheer'd her with its kindly strain!

But never more that voice's sound
Shall wake the lonely echoes round!
And never more that death-like face
Smile at a sister's fond embrace!
Nor that dear hand within her own
With friendly feeling ere be thrown!
All, all is gone—and vainly now
Those warm tears bathe the marble brow!

Alas! Earth's griefs are fearful things!
And soon its pleasures use their wings.
Few are the smiles of life's brief day,
But thorny is its toilsome way;
Barren the paths our footsteps tread
In doubt and trembling towards the dead
Affection's star one moment throws
Its pale light earthward, then it goes!

And in some purer, brighter clime,
Sheds evermore its peaceful shine!
Where parted friends are met again,
And heard each blithe rejoicing strain!
Where sorrow's tone's forever still'd,
And ev'ry heart with rapture fill'd;
In those bright realms of joy and love,
Where angels welcome us above!

HYMN.

Father! I call on thee!
Hear, hear, and answer me!
In the dark night when slumber's power
Has flown for many a lonely hour:
When wearily I toss my head,
And ev'ry soothing dream has fled;
Then do my thoughts revert to thee,
Oh! send Thy Spirit down to me!

Father! Thou knowest all
That will my lot befall!
Each thought is open to Thine eye,
Thou canst each hidden wish decry;
Nor is there aught that I would hide
My God, from Thee!
So in Thy mercy by my side
Protector be!

Teach me what paths to shun,
And where to tread;
And let Thy mercy's sun
Shine on my head!
I know not where to turn, for all around
Thick briars are strewn upon the ground;
Darkness surrounds me, and I seem
To wander in some dismal dream!

Thou art All Wise!
So from my eyes
Disperse the mists that shroud
Truth's radiant form, and let me see
Once more, my God, by following Thee,
Thy love without a cloud!
Be Thy calm spirit with me still,
And keep me from all thoughts of ill!

When in the world's gay throngs,
My heart her stay prolongs;
And when I seeming bend
To idols made by earthly hands,
And worshipp'd 'gainst Thy wise commands,
Oh! be thou still my Friend!
Whisper my soul such things to shun,
And say, "Thy holy will be done!"

Father! I call on Thee,
Hear, hear, and answer me!
In the last lonely hour of life,
When Death is waging deadly strife,
And ev'ning draweth near;
The last that evermore shall stream
Sadly or brightly in its beam
Upon my spirit here!
Do thou be with me, and sustain
My faith amidst life's parting pain

STANZAS.

I LOVED thee, like I loved the stars,
The bright stars upon high;
With an all-deep and tender love,
Yet full of purity!

I could not gaze upon their light
And feel as I do now,
Had earthly passion cast a blight
Or stain upon my brow!

No, no! within my quiet heart
No feeling ever dwelt,
More stirring than the sadden'd love
My aching spirit felt!

I had a consciousness that change
Would hover o'er my way,
And it has come, and I have been
For long beneath its sway!

And I have bow'd me to its spell—
Have striv'n, and not in vain,
To bid adieu to earthly hopes
And fleeting pleasure's reign!

I would that thou wert e'en as me,
I would thine heart was cold;
Not flutt'ring on tumultuously,
And burning as of old!

But resting 'neath some quiet shade
That all its hopes were giv'n,
By earthly trials purer made
Back to thy God and Heav'n!

Could I but feel that this was so,
The stars would seem more bright,
And the sweet moonlit shadows glow
With more celestial light!

And Evening's placid hour renew
The joys that erst were mine,
When Love its golden radiance threw
Over the day's decline!

I should but wait for Death's dear hand
To summon me away,
And gladly greet its mournful call
To realms of brighter day!

Trusting that *there* all parted friends
In gladness shall unite;
And feeling that their union will
Be pure as it is bright!

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

I DON'T know how it is to-night,
I fancy that I wish to write,
And yet my pen declines to tell
The thoughts that in my spirit dwell;
There's something of a shadow cast
From scenes of happiness long past;
A mem'ry of the loved and dead
That will not vanish from my head!

I'm going to a foreign shore,
A place I've been at oft before;
And tho' but for a little time
I cannot bear that odious clime:
I love sweet England's hearth and home,
And sorrow that my steps must roam.
Most that I prize are here—and they
Dwell in my heart tho' far away!

Old friends outvie all new ones yet;
Past kindness I can ne'er forget.
Few are the hearts whose love burns bright,
Many the friendships sunk in night;
But those who've proved themselves sincere
Must claim *affection's* dewy tear;
And live within my heart till Death
Shall with his mandate hush my breath!

I long to have a peaceful nest
In the dear land I love the best.
The land of Wales my place of birth,
The spot I cherish most on earth;
There far away in calm retreat
The cold world's malice I'd defeat;
And live as if I'd learn'd to shun
Its snares and pleasures one by one!

There was a time my spirit sigh'd
For fashion's train, the haunts of pride;
But I have proved their hollowness,
Their lack of inward happiness;
And now in other scenes I trust
To pass into my native dust;
In peaceful shades to live and die
Afar from worldly mockery!

Some think me what I've never been,
A flutt'rer thro' life's busy scene;
And other tongues are full of blame
And add "eccentric" to my name.
I do not care what *any* say,
I shall not ask them to give way;
Nor shall *I* once conviction yield
But keep unconquer'd to the field.

I scorn the littleness of *all*
Who answer to the cold world's call;
The hearts whose feelings are in chains,
The tongue that *policy* restrains;
The love that must be giv'n alone
To those the world may deem "bon ton."
And not shed lustre o'er the ways
Of one who's nicknamed "Boulonnaise."

I do not sigh for common sense,
Because it may be bought "by pence;"
Nor for right "feeling" such as those
Who practice worldliness impose.
I'd rather far be nature's child,
Although a little rough and wild;
And keep the feelings that I own,
Tho' pleasing to myself alone.

And now adieu! my love to those
Who're kind and genuine 'ere I close;
My heartfelt pray'r is, God may bless
Their pathways with all happiness!
And lead them calmly to the goal
Of ev'ry faithful passing soul;
That land of happiness that lies
Afar, in regions of the skies.

London, January 29th, 1851.

STANZAS.

Calm is the scene before me—calm and still—
One deep repose o'er valley, plain, and hill;
Softly the sunshine streams upon the ground,
Gilding th' autumnal verdure all around;
And the birds' songs seem thrilling on the ear,
With a deep music, exquisitely dear!

Why do I gaze around, and not rejoice?
Is it that in my heart a small, still voice
Is whisp'ring that my home is far away
Beyond the shore where lingers dark decay?
Or that unthankful I these beauties view,
For ever sighing for a something new?

My earthly home is bright—yet evermore
Some gloomy shade will cloud my vision o'er,
And a deep thirst for pleasures still unknown—
An earnest longing—sadden all my tone,
And make me seem what really I am not,
Thankless to Heav'n for my too peaceful lot.

There are past mem'ries, which at times will rush
Back to my *spirit, with* a torrent's gush:
Visions of other and of brighter hours
Of life's sweet spring and all its faded flow'rs;
Of the deep feelings of our cloudless youth,
When all around seem'd deck'd with joy and truth

How different now is nature in my eyes;
What a strange mixture in my pathway lies!
Friendships seem hollow, and Love's voice no more
Its sweet enchantments on my ears may pour:
I may look back—but, oh! the faith is gone
Which gave an interest to the moments flown.

The joyous trust of unsuspecting youth
Has long been silenced by the voice of truth;
The friends of early years have proved untrue,
As worldly friends, alas! too often do!
And I am left to gaze on all around
With a calm sorrow—silent, yet profound.

I feel it in my heart—at evening's hour
It comes upon me with a heavier pow'r!
And tho' I strive, alas! it is in vain,
I cannot drive it from my beating brain;
Nor can I bid remembrance grow more dim,
Or cease within my soul her solemn hymn.

Yet I am happy, and the autumn's voice
Hath still some pow'r to bid my heart rejoice,
And the fallen leaves that trampled 'neath my feet
At ev'ry turn my wandering glances meet,
Read me a lesson—that our journeyings here
Are but the pathways to a brighter sphere.

And oh! to win that shore were joy indeed,
And far above a wretched sinner's meed;
Yet in our prayers we ask to be forgiven
For all our faults by an indulgent Heaven:
And we may hope that through a Saviour's love
We still shall enter to the courts above.

Rhysnant, Nov. 11, 1851.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY RICH.

My darling Aunt! never again
  Shall I behold that face;
Alas! it now is buried
  In the cold earth's dark embrace;
And painful are the sadd'ning thoughts
  That o'er my spirit sweep,
When I think that thou art lying
  In death's dull dreamless sleep!

I vainly sought to see thee,
  To take a last fond look;
Such solace was denied me,
  Which ill my soul could brook!
But nothing e'er can banish
  The mem'ry of thy love—
And all will be made clear again
  In God's own Courts above!

I know thy heart was with us,
I feel its changeless worth;
And tho' a farewell was denied
On this deceitful earth:
Yet do I feel Love's broken band
Will be rebound once more,
And we shall know, as we are known,
On Heav'n's unfading shore!

In thy clear eyes, no feeling
Save deep affection shone,
Its spirit's warm revealing
Was in thy ev'ry tone;
And, oh! thy voice of welcome
Thrills yet within my heart,
And thy sad look at parting
May never thence depart!

But vain are now regretful words,
And vainer still our tears;
Thou sankest to thy rest beloved
Rich in the pride of years:
And we have lost a friend whose love
Was deep and firm and true;
And more devoted to our weal
Than e'er the nearest knew!

But not for long—our journeyings here
Are drawing to a close—
Nearer perhaps than we may think
Is our last calm repose;
And then, what joy to meet with thee,
My blessed Aunt, once more,
Clasp'd in thy loving arms to be
Safe from earth's tempest roar!

Rhysnant, March 21, 1852.

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR T. B. LETHBRIDGE, BART.

Ye've met—yes, met once more
Upon that far off shore,
Hidden from mortal view;
And earthly clouds have vanish'd,
And human thoughts are banish'd,
And all is bright and new!

Ye've seen as angels see,
With vision clear and free,
What late was dark to sight;
The grandsire and the son,
Again in love are one,
And hearts and hands unite!

Brother—thou'st been for years
Beyond this vale of tears,
Our grief for thee has flown;
And we rejoicing pray
That some not distant day
We meet around the throne!

Grandsire! thy life was bright,
And tho' a sudden night
Obscured thy sun at last;
Still do we hope and trust,
As all thy children must,
Thy soul in gladness pass'd!

Still do we pray that thou,
In Heav'n's own sunshine now,
Art station'd with the blest;
That earthly cares were still'd,
Thy pilgrimage fulfill'd,
To launch thee into rest!

We pray, and we believe
There is no cause to grieve,
Thine aged soul hath flown:
For tho' an earthly cloud
Did long our paths enshroud,
Its darkness now is gone!

The past is all forgiven!
And may we meet in Heaven,
Seeing, as none see here;
Each earthly failing past,
And all made smooth at last,
And each to other dear!

Dear as we should have been,
But for the fatal screen
That hid the truth from sight!
And for the pride of heart
From which we could not part,
And which enhanced our night!

But all is peaceful now,
Thy head in dust laid low,
Many on earth revere;
Dark memories are still'd,
And every bosom fill'd
With reverence and fear.

Fear, lest our summons come
And find us not at home;
Not ready to attend
The supper of the Lamb,
The wonderful I Am,
Our Saviour, Judge, and Friend!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

Thou sleep'st, my Brother, in thine early grave
Far o'er the dim and hollow sounding wave;
Sweet are thy slumbers, and the tears we shed
May never fall above thy narrow bed;
Nor can our bitter, bitter grief recall
The *one* most precious to the hearts of all!

Thou sleep'st! and Heaven in mercy seal'd thy breast,
Implanting there its own pure fount of rest;
And calling thee thus early mark'd its own,
To share the glories of a Heav'nly throne.
To watch above us freed from care and pain,
Till death shall bid our spirits meet again!

We wander on; our chequer'd path below
One varied scene of transient joy or woe;
Of hopes, affections, blighted or fulfill'd,
Of raptures vanish'd, or of sorrows still'd;
Our lot at times a bright one, or a dark,
But thou art safe in thy celestial ark!

Yes; safe at home—no troubled surges more
Will beat thy shatter'd bark upon the shore;
No tempests reach thee and no clouds obscure
The light that beams around thee, ever pure!
Nor *change*, its dread and blighting influence fling
O'er scenes all holy, that around thee spring!

And thou wilt gaze upon us from thy home,
And trace our erring footsteps as they roam!
Wilt pray, perchance, our wanderings all forgiv'n,
We may rejoin thee in thy native Heav'n;
Be wash'd from Earth's transgressions and made fit
With thee, dear Brother, round the throne to sit!

Oh! this is comfort! cordial balm to those
Who wept thine early summons to repose;
Who mourn their loved one still thro' many an hour.
When memory brings him back with vanish'd power.
Kind, dear, and good, as erst he was to them
The fairest, brightest, and the best of men!

Feb. 1, 1848, Cosham.

DEATH AND THE LADY.

I CANNOT heed thy voice, oh, Death!
I will not come to thee;
So stay awhile my fleeting breath,
And leave the wand'rer free!

The world is all before me, bright,
And lovely still to view,
And ev'ry scene that meets my sight
Is radiant in its hue!

They strew my onward path with flow'rs,
And welcome me with Joy;
In pleasures gay and sportive bow'rs,
I meet with no alloy!

The loved are round me, and the bright
All ready at my call,
To lead me forth to scenes of light,
And crown me Queen of all!

Each eye smiles on me, as I roam,
  Each heart is fond and true;
And not one charm from life is gone,
  Or wither'd in its hue?

The breezes softly fan my brow,
  The heav'ns look calmly down,
And all is pure and joyous now,
  Without a sting or frown!

Then leave me, leave me yet to roam
  With those I hold so dear,
And when my summer hours are flown
  Return, and claim me here!

* * * *

I go, I go, for a few short years,
I'll leave thee to flutter in earthly spheres;
But my time will come, and some future day
I'll summon thy spirit for ever away.
In an hour, perchance, when thou'lt vainly mourn
O'er the joys of the past, which may never return;
When thy heart will seem faded, and wan like a flow'r,
Surviving its fellows, through winter's long hour;
And thy spirit's desire, the pray'r of thy heart
Will be for my summons to bid thee depart—

* * * *

Earth's sunniest hues have vanish'd now,
A cloud is in my heart;
And many a wrinkle on my brow
To tell how days depart.

I wander on unloved, alone
With all things changed around,
Ungladden'd by sweet Friendship's tone,
Or Love's more silver sound!

The gay groups that once flatter'd,
Now pass me coldly by,
And stormy clouds are scatter'd
O'er life's uncertain sky!

The eyes which once so sweetly shone,
The voices loud in praise,
Are hush'd and vanish'd one by one,
Or alter'd in their lays!

There's nothing left to love me,
Not one of all who strove
In other hours unceasingly
To win my spirit's love!

And those who led me gaily forth
To scenes of mirth and glee,
Who praised me for my beauty's worth,
What are they now to me?

They never sought when sorrow came
To soothe my heart's unrest,
But slightingly they breathed the name
Which once was all too blest!

Oh, life! thy skies are clouded now,
Oh, death, return to me!
And bid my chainèd spirit bow
Unmurm'ringly to thee!

Take me to those joyful regions
Where the wicked never trod,
To the angelic happy legions,
In the blessed Heav'n of God

I have suffer'd long, severely,
For the follies of my youth,
And have found that suff'ring's merely
Key to knowledge and to truth

Now I'm ready, and I wait thee,
Once so dreaded and abhorred,
When thou cam'st long since to claim me
By the false world then adored!

Close my sad eyes, red with weeping,
Still this throbbing heart at last;
For I know thy watch thou'rt keeping,
And thy Courser's sure and fast!

* * * *

Who is calling? I am near thee
From the hours of youth to age,
And I note down those who fear me,
On my dim and blotted page!
I have seen thee in thy gladness,
And have shaped thy spirit's woe,
Marking down each thought of sadness,
And thy teardrops as they flow.
Think not, that thou canst deceive me,
Think not that from sorrow's gloom,
I will come when call'd to lead thee
To the solace of the Tomb!

No! when love and hope were smiling,
And each scene around thee bright,
Pleasure's baneful rays beguiling,
Then, thou would'st not wing thy flight!
Now, thy spirit sad and lonely,
Shorn of every youthful bliss,
Calls upon the Dread one only
As a guide to happiness!
Thou must wait my pleasure mildly,
Thou must bow thy head in woe,
Till the distant hour, when kindly
I will summon thee to go!

TO A FRIEND.

Dark are the clouds that hover round,
And painful is thy lot,
A sov'reign balm might yet be found,
But, ah! thou seek'st it not!
Why bow thine head so mournfully,
Why murmur at the blow,
Which One who reigns above the sky,
Has will'd Him to bestow?

Let not the past's delightful themes
Their sad possession keep,
Nor idle fancy's feverish dreams
Disturb thy broken sleep!
Lift up thine head in daily pray'r
To One for ever nigh,
Who keeps thee in His gracious care,
And rules thy destiny!

Thy present ills are blessings given
To lift thy thoughts above,
And sorrow's darts are sent from Heav'n
In mercy and in love:
Receive them as the gracious boon
Of an unchanging friend,
Then to thy darken'd spirit soon
Eternal joy'll descend!

And what is Earth's deceitful smile
To inward peace and rest;
The cold, harsh world can but beguile,
'Twould never make thee blest!
Love's warmest light, Affection's beam,
May all be touch'd by gloom—
Bright and alluring as they seem,
Sink to oblivion's tomb!

The kindest friends we meet with here
Too often are estranged,
The dearest are the most severe
And easy to be changed.
Then put not trust in earthly things,
Set no affection here,
But soar on truth's celestial wings
Unto a kindlier sphere!

Review the past—let future hours
Be spent in wiser bliss,
Then shall thy path be bright with flow'rs
Of fadeless happiness!
And Joy's sweet sun again will glow
To light thee on thy way,
Where darkness may no shadows throw
To cloud the Heav'nly day.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY AND THE HEARTSEASE.

The Lily droop'd her pensive head
In sorrow o'er her shady bed,
And seem'd to mourn the hopes whose birth
Not long survived the cares of earth ;
And many a stranger passing by
Deplored the wayward destiny,
Whose shafts could pierce so fair a thing,
Blighting her beauty's early spring,
And making all her radiance seem
A passing evanescent beam !

But of the few kind friends who strove
Her sorrows gently to remove,
Not one could learn the healing art,
Or bid her secret woes depart !

She droop'd in silence and in pain,
The victim of Love's golden chain;
And those who pitied, pass'd her by
With downcast head and moisten'd eye,
Mourning that one so fair and bright
Should fade beneath a hidden blight.

When, lo! with pow'r to soothe and please,
There came a youth, surnamed *Heartsease;*
The secret cause of all the woe
Which seem'd to shroud her path below.
But when *his* footstep sounded nigh
Gently she raised her languid eye,
And soon a mighty change o'ercame
Pale Lily's slowly wasting frame,
And a fresh light around was spread,
Which lifted up her drooping head!

For Heartsease had a soft, sweet smile,
Which strove not vainly to beguile;
And a bright eye, whose lightest beam
Could cheer with rapture's golden dream;
And a low voice, whose accents stole
With love's deep magic through the soul;

And when his tones the silence broke,
Then many a strange sensation woke
In Lily's breast; and joy again
Beam'd on her, free from sorrow's chain!

THE RETURNED PENITENT.

I stood at the shrine of prayer,
And each flower of early spring,
By the hand of childhood scattered there,
Seem'd a bless'd and a holy thing!
And I knelt, for a feeling of youth
O'er my darken'd spirit stole,
And the precepts of forgotten truth
For a moment pierced my soul.

But I could not pray—for the guilty past
All crowded on my brain,
And I wept to think that I ne'er might be
What I once had been again.
I felt that amongst the young and true
I no longer could find a place,
For sad were the memories that grew
Round my heart in that holy place!

I rose, and I turn'd, but a bridal train
Was moving on in light,
And I press'd my hand on my throbbing brain
At that well remember'd sight;
The maiden was fair, and her soft blue eye
Was moisten'd by a tear,
There pass'd from her bosom a half-heaved sigh
As she drew the altar near!

I gazed but a moment on her face,
That moment sufficed to bring
Back many an unforgotten trace
Of my youth's delightful spring;
And I thought of the lost one, whose sunny smile
Had been all on earth to me,
And I wept, as an infant weeps awhile,
At my own deep misery.

But the spirit of darkness came once more
To my worn and weary breast,
And the tears of remorse and repentance o'er,
I might seek in vain for rest.

So I turn'd with a look of proud disdain,
From the bright assemblage there,
From the bitter past, and the bridal train,
And the solemn altar-pray'r!

Long years passed on, and the same dark course
My haughty soul pursued,
Yet I felt in my spirit the mighty force
Of a yearning after good;—
I quell'd it, and passion's swollen stream
Grew stronger every day,
And the past came back as in a dream
To haunt my lonely way!

Yet once again that shrine I saw
At midnight's solemn hour,
And sorrow's tears return'd once more
A full, repentant show'r;
And a voice from the many graves around
Seem'd bursting on mine ear,
As a welcome to the wanderer found,
Lost thro' so many a year!

I knelt in peace, for a sweet calm stole
With repose o'er every sense,
And a mighty magic fill'd my soul,
At the voice of Omnipotence!
I knew I had sinn'd, but I dared not seek
For the mercy of pard'ning Heav'n,
Till the breath of an angel fann'd my cheek
With the words "*Thou art forgiv'n!*"

LINES TO CHARLEY.

Blessings be on thee, Charley, dear,
And though we part in sorrow here,
  May joy grief's clouds dispel;
And, peeping thro' each low'ring scene,
Some rays of sunshine still be seen
  To throw a pleasing spell!

Thy path is o'er the foaming brine—
A distant, diff'rent one to mine;
  But I will ne'er forget
The happy days with thee I've spent,
The hours of mirth and merriment,
  Which smile upon me yet!

And wilt thou sometimes think of me,
When o'er the dark and stormy sea?
  And give a passing sigh

To scenes which never may return,
Days buried in oblivion's urn,
Once pass'd so happily!

And when kind voices greet thine ear,
More musical than mine, I fear,
And those well loved are nigh,
Look back upon the past, and feel
Old friends, are anxious for thy weal—
Old friends, of hours gone by!

New ones may love thee passing well,
But, oh! there lurks a pow'rful spell
In tried affection's pow'r!
So scorn it not—nor from thy heart,
Thro' change and chances, bid depart
The sad and farewell hour!

God speed thee, Charlie, on thy way,
And may we meet some future day
In happier scenes than this;
And brighter be the coming time,
For sorrows past, on thee and thine
One sparkling sea of bliss!

Without a cloud to dim the light
That makes life's Heaven so purely bright,
And casts a radiant glow
Of joy and peacefulness around,
Such as is seldom to be found
Upon this world below!

PARTING WISHES.

Life is before thee! so speed on
And dream not on its pleasures flown;
Give not a thought to vanish'd hours,
The future has its hidden flow'rs,
Brighter by far than those that shed
Their fragrance o'er each moment fled;
So sigh not for the past whose light
Will soon have faded from thy sight.

This is one scene of change—Joy's rays
Are most deceitful in their blaze;
Steel then thy heart in calm to bear
The currents of earth's changeful air;
Stem the strong tide of grief and pain
And bend not 'neath affliction's chain;
Hope on—and seek to gain at last
Heav'n's blissful shores, when life is past!

Be what thou art—nor let th' alloy
Of earthliness thy spirit cloy;
Deem not this world a place of rest,
Let not its pleasures haunt thy breast;
But onward move, and may'st thou wear
The Christian Warrior's blessed air:
His strength in battle's hour be giv'n
To win thy way thro' earth to Heav'n!

To win thy way; with courage high
To struggle for the victory!
And that obtain'd—this life once past
May perfect joy be thine at last;
Rest, that may never more be broke,
Love, that will bend not to the yoke
Of time, or death; but form for thee
A Heav'n thro' all eternity!

STANZAS.

Oh! I should like to pass away
From life's uncertain troubled day;
To fade, when Summer's breath is nigh,
And sunshine's hues are on the sky;
And all is bright around. No fear
At starting for another sphere!
No grief, for this should rend my heart,
Too anxious for the word "Depart!"

But friends must be around me then,
Kind friends to calm my spirit, when
The flashes from a brighter sphere
Shed their unwonted radiance here;
Smiles I have loved on earth so well,
And which with sadden'd lustre fell
Upon my spirit once, would seem
Then like a sweet angelic beam!

I should not weep to lose their light,
Too soon on Earth to breathe of blight;
I should not thrill beneath the gaze
Of those I loved in vanish'd days;
Nor dread lest they should prove untrue,
As earthly loved ones often do;
But I should bid them all good-bye,
Trusting to meet once more on high!

And they would see me as I am,
My spirit's hidden working scan;
For there would be no secrets more,
Life's little feelings past and o'er;
No need for secrecy or pride—
And I should then no longer hide
My love for them—and they would see
Earth had no resting-place for me!

No haven for my heart—whose faith,
Whose hopes, could but be quench'd in death,
Whose weariness and suff'ring here
Made earthly troubles too severe;
Turn'd feeling to a weight of woe,
Which blighted all my path below;
And made me deem myself alone
Amidst a crowd whose hearts were stone!

And yet they were not such to me,
For many there appear'd to be
All I could wish them, and who seem'd
The soul of what my fancy dream'd;
Yet they were earthly, and the spell
Of change upon their spirits fell;
And, though not cold, the warmth was riv'n
Which once unto their hearts was giv'n!

I mourn the loss of all that threw
A charm around them to my view,
I weep to think that what I prized
By worldly spirits is despised,
And feel—no matter what!—my tears
Have vainly flow'd through long, long years;
My heart with secret wounds has bled,
And now I long to join the dead!

The happy dead! who've gain'd the shore
Where earthly conflicts all are o'er,
Who've fought the battle of their faith,
And triumph'd o'er the tyrant Death!
Tho' wounded sore with arrows keen
Their faithful souls may long have been—
They have succeeded, and no pain
May reach their peaceful hearts again!

What wonder, then, that from the throng,
Whose wand'rings I have follow'd long,
I sigh to part—to bid adieu
For ever to Earth's motley crew—
To pass from scenes whose sunshine falls
Dimly and sadly—and which palls,
Like Earth's enjoyments, few and brief,
And ever giving place to grief.

Oh! I shall wait with longings strange
The spirit's quick and final change;
Impatiently shall watch and pray
For angel forms to call away
The spark of life, which lingers still,
Obedient to a Heav'nly will;
But which, in some bright hour, will fly
Triumphant to its native sky.

FRAGMENT.

No more on this dull ear
  Falls thy kind voice, my love;
Yet flitting sometimes near,
  From the pure realms above,
Thy long-lost form I seem to see
Hov'ring betwixt the clouds and me!

Through the mild summer's night,
  When e'en the breeze is gone,
And the sweet stars shine bright
  From their celestial home;
When all cold earthly thoughts are still'd,
My heart with thy far sphere is fill'd!

And then we meet once more
  By the eternal streams,
Whose gushings evermore
  Will haunt my spirit's dreams!
Yet slake not the deep thirst: I know
The fev'rish spirit's lot below!

I would thy rest were mine—
  I would that I might flee
In the sweet summer time
  Back to thy love and thee!
That where thou sleepest I might sleep,
And o'er my grave the willows weep!

Oh! friend of early youth!
  Why hast thou pass'd away,
With joy, and love, and truth,
  From life's still changing day?
Why am I left to linger on
When thou, the beautiful, art flown?

'Tis wrong to envy thee—
  'Tis vain to wander on,
Pining so restlessly
  For forms for ever gone:
Yet is it difficult to be
Forgetful of the past, or thee!

"THE DAY IS FAR SPENT, AND THE NIGHT IS AT HAND."

Lift up thine eye, and gaze around,
The twilight shadows grey
Are fast descending on the ground,
With dim and misty ray

The heav'ns, which were so purely bright,
Are clouding over fast,
And sombre hues of coming night
Have o'er their radiance pass'd!

The noisy world is hush'd and still,
The labourers seek their rest,
And soon sleep's magic pow'r will fill
Each worn and weary breast!

Sinner! thy day is well nigh o'er,
Thine ev'ning hour at hand,
And from a dim and distant shore
Beckon a spirit band!

How has thy time on earth been spent?
How have thy moments flown?
Have all the talents to thee lent
Been wasted as thine own?

Has youth in idle joy been past,
Each feeling pure and high
Warp'd and disfigured by the blast
Of sin's enormity?

Hast thou been kneeling at the shrine
Of this world's god, and bow'd
Each secret thought and hope of thine,
Where throng the reckless crowd?

Hast thou forgotten Him who died
To wash thy sins away?—
Renounced Him, and with heart of pride
Turn'd from His laws astray?

Oh! if thou hast, the night for thee
Will bring no dreams of rest!—
No spells of sweet divinity
To lull thy aching breast!

Turn, and repent; and lift thine eye
To *One's* that's ever near,
And who, in Grief's extremity,
Will wipe away thy tear!

His burden's easy, light His yoke,
And glorious is the rest
Which, once the world's dread bondage broke,
Will reach the weary breast!

CHANGE.

Oh! tell me not, tell me not, lovely one,
That thy path is 'midst summer flow'rs,
For I see the clouds that are rolling on,
To obscure its sunniest hours!
In a dark and hideous mass they sweep
With the giant form of woe;
And, alas! for the tears that will sadly steep
Thy future path below!

"My sky may be dark, and falling tears
May furrow my cheek with care,
But I feel no dread for coming years,
And I mourn not, nor despair!
I know that my fate is a hidden one,
In the hands of Him whose pow'r
Can change in one instant its darkest hues,
And restore the sunny hour!

"And my love and faith are garner'd up
With my fairest hopes on high,
So I bow prepared to the bitt'rest cup
Of a vengeful destiny!
Then tempt me not from my present bliss
To turn to visions drear,
For my sky is bright, and no mortal pow'r
Can fill my heart with fear!"

Alas! alas! for the seeming strength
Of that spirit pure and high!
For I know the ills that will bow at length
Its joy to adversity!
And the change, the dread and the chilling change,
That must o'er the bosom sweep,
When it finds that the dreams of its early youth
It may not, and dare not keep!

When it sees the eyes it has loved look dim,
And the radiant form grow cold,
When it hears the chant of the fun'ral hymn
O'er the churchyard's grassy mould!
And worse than that, when it reads of change
In the heart it trusted long,
And feels that its faith in the fondly loved
Can never again be strong!

Oh! thou dost not know, and thou canst not now.
In the light of thy spirit's bloom,
Of the heavy cares, and the griefs that bow
And obscure the heart with gloom!
But linger awhile yet, lovely one,
'Midst the hues of thy morning hour,
For their glorious tints once breathed upon,
Are doom'd to destruction's pow'r!

And no after years will transport thee back,
The elastic spirit fled,
Nor the vision'd dreams of thy early track
Arise from the slumb'ring dead!
All will seem darker—a change have pass'd
O'er the thoughts of thy alter'd heart,
And the world have printed such dark lines there
As may never more depart!

YES, I HAVE LOVED THEE.

Yes! I have loved thee, when the light
Of youth was on my brow;
When Spring's sweet sunshine, warm and bright,
Shed round its happy glow!
And I have gazed on that dear face
With joy no grief could quell,
No after dream of woe efface,
Or break its magic spell!

I've dwelt upon each kindly word
Thy dear lips breathed to me;
In many a sad dark hour have heard
Low whispers fall from thee!
I've seen the light of those loved eyes
By my deep grief o'ercast;
Rewarding well each sacrifice,
And days of suff'ring past!

And I will love thee still—when years
Shall mark with change my brow,
And to the past look back with tears
Such as I shed e'en now!
With tears that all my wasted love
Hath call'd forth no return,
That I still mourn like some lone dove
On Hope's funereal urn!

Thou wilt not feel my weary lot,
Thou wilt not pine like me;
The past, the *buried past*, hath not
Rich treasures pour'd for thee!
My smile hath faded from thy path,
My words forgotten long;
And vainly 'midst the Tempest's wrath
I pour my plaintive song!

I see thee in the busy world,
All lovely as thou art,
Its magic beauties all unfurl'd,
To tempt thy yielding heart!
I hear the sounds of music float,
Rich strains thou lov'st to hear;
And thrill as each harmonious note
Falls on thy list'ning ear!

I see thee smile—yes, smile once more,
As erst thou smiled on me,
But not one thought of pleasure o'er,
Is present now with thee!
Oh! couldst thou feel the heavy chain
That o'er my heart is thrown;
I should not longer love in vain,
Or feel so sad and lone!

ON HOPE.

Hope is a faintly shining star
Whose beams ne'er light on me,
The palest where a thousand are
Glowing eternally;
But with a vain deceitful hue,
Attracting every wanderer's view!

I would not trust its beacon light,
Though none were near beside;
But turn to darkness and affright
Rather than it should guide;
For well I know how false the ray
Illumining our onward way!

Oh, wand'rer, pause! for though Despair
Oppresses now thy heart,
Hope throws a falser radiance there,
Yet bids not grief depart;
But makes more sure, more dread, the blow
Which darkens every lot below!

What tho' awhile 'midst streams and flow'rs
It bids thee linger on,
Too soon return the long night hours,
Where darkness waits alone.
Youth's fairy dreams and sounds of mirth
Pass like a rainbow from the earth!

And leave thee more than desolate;
Yea, sorrow-worn and sad;
Whereas thine seem'd so bright a fate
Whilst Hope could make it glad.
I have had proof—I need no more,
Its rays deceived me o'er and o'er!

I had a friend once—warm and young,
And kind and true of heart,
And fondly to his love I clung,
As though we ne'er might part;
And on we roved by fount and bower,
And witness'd many a happy hour!

He has grown cold; and where are now
Hope's magic picturings?
The light has faded from my brow,
With all these happy things!
And I am left to mourn the trust
Which sought for faith in child of dust!

Foolish and fond I was, and weak;
Yes; even now the same—
The colour flies my fading cheek
Whene'er I hear his name!
Nor would I, if I could, forget,
Past pleasures haunt my spirit yet!

But Hope no more for me her wings
Of azure shall unfold;
Memory a deepen'd radiance flings
As once again of old.
I have forsaken now the light,
Content with darkness and affright!

STANZAS.

And I am all alone—once more alone,
The dreams of other brighter hours have fled;
My sad heart watches from her silent throne,
O'er hopes, affections, wither'd now and dead!

Thou hast deceived me—*Thou* on whom my trust,
Spite of cold words from all around, was fix'd;
And I lament that e'er on child of dust
I shower'd a faith so deep and all unmix'd!

Unmix'd with aught of change—false was thy smile,
And falser still thy words—another heart
Shared thy affections and thy hopes the while,
And yet—and yet—*mine* will not now depart!

Thou hast deceived me; and with deep regret
I turn my gaze upon the happy past,
When I believed thee *true;* when sunshine yet
Its vivid colourings o'er the future cast!

And yet I do not blame thee—to thy heart
I know some day my distant form will rise;
And thou, perchance, may'st prove the bitter smart
Which brings the sad tear to my heavy eyes!

May'st feel for me; and grieve to think the *past*
Has heap'd such gloom upon my youthful brow,
That *thine* own deeds have deeply overcast,
And lent dark shadows to the sunshine's glow!

I have forgiven thee—and I love thee still
With far more strength and truth than words can tell;
And often do I pray that pain and ill
May cast no blight where thy dear footsteps dwell!

But that a ray, all heav'nly and divine,
Of pure deep faith may gild thy latter days;
And God's choice blessings mark thy life's decline,
And cast their fragrance o'er thy alter'd ways!

SONG.

Far, far away, my love,
O'er the dark blue sea,
Far, far away, my love,
My spirit follows thee!

Billows divide, my love,
This fond heart from thine,
But they cannot change, love,
Thy deep faith or mine!

Absence has no pow'r, love,
O'er our souls to fling,
Gloomy doubts or fears, love,
From her blighting wing!

No! we linger on, love,
With a hope to see
Brighter days on earth, love,
Both for thee and me!

And tho' years may pass, love,
Years of grief and pain,
And we meet on earth, love,
But to part again!—

Still we both can think, love,
Of a happy shore;
Where the blessed meet, love,
Meet to part no more!

There our treasures lie, love,
There our hopes are given—
So may Faith on earth, love,
Win its meed in Heav'n!

LINES

WRITTEN UPON HEARING AN ARGUMENT ABOUT "HIGH CHURCH" AND "LOW CHURCH."

THERE are many shades and shadows
In the Church of Christ e'en now—
And a dark cloud often gathers
E'en upon a good man's brow!
Cloud of anger that his Brother
Cannot see all things with him—
Christians! love for one another
Should not in your hearts grow dim!

High Church! Low Church! both remember,
Ye one common Father own—
That your acts, not words, will judge you,
When ye meet before the throne!
Do your duty calmly—kindly—
Act as each believes the best—
Put your faith in God, the Saviour,
He will give your spirits rest!

Do not quibble! live as Brethren,
Humbly bending to the will
Of a mightier Power above you,
Who will guide and comfort still!
Little will He deem of either
If you do not seek from Him
Light to guide your spirits upwards,
For all earthly light is dim!

And the Church itself may quiver,
Like a reed before the gale—
And its very basement shiver
Till the stoutest hearts shall fail!
These are days of fear and wonder,
Days, when saints shall fall away,
And the wisest and the purest,
With the weakest go astray!

There is but one Rock to rest on,
And that rock is Christ our Lord!
Read the Bible—stay your spirits
Only on His sacred Word!
Then the earthquakes loud may rattle,
And the Heav'ns be rent in twain—
Ye shall still have props to rest on,
Hopes that shall not be in vain!

Sunday, December 12th, 1852.

STANZAS.

I CANNOT help these falling tears,
  Nor can I force them back,—
They do but flow for vanish'd years
  Faded from life's dim track!
If thou couldst feel the heavy load
  This earth has cast on me,
Thou wouldst not wonder that my road
  Is one of misery!

It is not that thou art not kind;
  Or that I love thee not—
But there are scenes in my sad mind
  That cannot be forgot!
Vain dreams, and hopes this passing earth
  Can never realise—
For they all perish'd at their birth,
  To flourish in the skies!

I am not moulded like to thee,
I cannot mimic gay;
Nor join in mirth and revelry
As most young spirits may!
Meeter for me are the deep tones
The forest echoes send,
The Autumn breezes sighing moans,
Like requiems for a friend!

I can look back to childhood's hours,
E'en then my thoughts were sad,
And Nature's wealth of leaves and flow'rs
For me deep treasures had!
I did not gaze on unconcern'd
Upon one beauteous scene,
For strange wild hopes within me burn'd
To be what none have been!

A thrilling voice was on the wind
That murmur'd to my heart,
And even now its tones enshrined
From thence may not depart!
It seems to summon me away,
To call my spirit home,
And whispers gently, "wherefore stay"
"For darker hours to come?"

"For darker hours"—a death in life,
An agony—a fear—
An age of sorrowing and strife
By all encounter'd here!
Bright is the land where my young dreams
On angel wings have flown—
Loved vision of my earliest themes,
Sweet and celestial home!

The music that mine ear hath heard,
Has all been gather'd thence;
The pulses of my spirit stirr'd
By its sweet influence!
Earth's flow'rs are not one half so bright
As pictured by mine eye,
For I have clothed them in the light
Of Heav'n's peculiar dye!

Each fading leaf and op'ning bell
Have had a charm for me,
Beyond Earth's dream of beautiful,
A spell of witchery!
A something touching to my soul
From distant regions won,
Shedding a rapture o'er the whole
To others all unknown!

And never on this fading sphere
Will my deep heart find rest;
Peace has no lasting mansion here,
She dwells but with the blest!
I fain would greet her in that home
Beyond the starry sky,
Where all my vision'd dreams have flown,
And evermore will fly!

I hear the spirit voices call;
My heart gives answer back,—
Oh! that Death's curtain soon might fall
O'er life's wild rugged track!
And that the golden gates of bliss
Might open to my voice,
Then in the realms of righteousness
I'd evermore rejoice!

And for the few poor pilgrims here
That ever sought my love,
I'd pour sweet music in their ear
From the bright realms above!
I'd pray that their oft-stumbling feet
At last should guide them right,
And that in union doubly sweet
Our spirits might unite!

FRAGMENT.

A SUMMER AT BOULOGNE.

THE summer's sun is shining down
With its accustom'd heat,
And even in this dirty town
Illumes each wretched street!
Some few faint fading flow'rs are seen
The markets to adorn,
Reminding us of gardens green,
From whence they late were torn!

Bitter their fate, poor perish'd things!
But bitt'rer far is mine,
Who ceaseless sigh for angel wings
To quit this hateful clime!
To bear me off to meadows gay,
To woodlands bright and green,
Where I might pass my peaceful day
In some sweet sylvan scene!

Two summers now I've pass'd in woe
Within this wretched place,
And why dark fate torments me so
Is left for me to guess!
My years are passing fast away,
My youthful feelings flown,
And through the long and dreary day
I pine away at home!

No sisters dear are with me now,
No brother's form is nigh,
Ocean has lost his radiant glow,
And clouds are in the sky!
I have no flowers, no birds, no bees—
Nothing to cheer my heart—
No prospect, save the dreary seas,
Whose large waves rise and part!

And they are *free!* they wash the shore
Of my sweet island home—
Dear, happy land, which never more
My feet perchance may roam!
Oh! for the dove's soft wings to bear
Me to that envied clime;
But, no! a prey to dark despair
I still must fret and pine!

DIRGE.

The loved are flown!
The bright ones from their home,
And why should I remain?
With tears to weep
The buried flow'rs that sleep,
Safe from this world of pain!

The winds of Fate
Have made us desolate,
And darken'd all the blaze
Which on our hearth
Encouraged sounds of mirth,
And brighten'd former days!

Low are their graves,
And darkly o'er them waves
The churchyard's spiry grass:
Strangers walk there,
And offer up a pray'r
For the departed, as they slowly pass!

Deep is the void,
Where happiness destroy'd
May never more be seen,
Aching the heart
Whose hourly mournful part
Is treasuring what hath been!

Answer, thou wind!
Whose breezy tones I find
Wand'ring through my dim heart;
Is there above
A deep all-answ'ring love,
Whose fervour never may be quench'd or part?

And shall we know
Those that we prized below,
And see them in their fulness there,
Where quickly flies
The film from mortal eyes,
And angel shapes are in the balmy air!

Oh! if we can,
Though long may seem the span
Of this world's weary life;
Gladly we'll go,
Convinced that pain and woe
May yet with joy be rife!

Swiftly we'll fly
To worlds above the sky,
Unseen—unknown as yet;
But where is fraught
With bliss each burning thought,
And *none may e'er forget!*

Or fade—or die!
Beneath that summer sky
The rarest flow'rs may bloom;
No tempest there—
No Monsoon's breath may taint the air,
Or wither for the Tomb!

Eternal light
Will bless the eager sight,
And seraph songs ascend;
All things be given,
Which breathe of Love and Heaven,
And may not know an end!

TO A PET BIRD.

Why hast thou ceased to sing, my bird?
Why are thy strains no longer heard?
Through Winter's chilling and gloomy day
Thou cheer'st my heart with thy thrilling lay;
But now that the spring with its flow'rs is nigh,
Hush'd is thy warbling and sadden'd thine eye!

I have placed thy cage in the leafy tree,
Sweet sounds are around thee of bird and of bee!
Nature rejoices that Winter is flown,
And even the breezes have joy in their tone:
Why art thou drooping, why answerest not
To all the sweet echoes of valley and grot?

"I am pining now for the free blue streams,
For the native home of my spirit's dreams!
For the flowery heaths and mountains wild,
And all that is lovely to Nature's child!
Therefore my song, if I sing, could be
At best, but a dirge-like melody!

"I stretch my wings, but their strength is flown,
I try to fly, but the pow'r is gone!
A weight is upon me, a weight of woe,
Unlock my prison and let me go!
Then will I warble a sweeter strain,
As I wing my way through the air again!"

Freedom is thine, my bird, my bird!
Though thy gladsome voice be no longer heard.
Though thro' winter's hours I sigh in vain
For the welcome note and the thrilling strain!
And the many ties that have held us long
By memory cherish'd and made more strong!

I'll dream that I see thee in future hours,
Making thy nest in the leafy bowers;
Will fancy thy tameless spirit's glee
At finding its haunts with the wild and free!
Would that *my heart* with thy wings could soar
Forth to its home, and return no more!

Sailing away to the glowing skies,
Earth would then vanish, and earthly ties!
The starry spheres which I long to see
Be mine with their guerdon, *liberty!*
And the tameless thought, and the fiery will
In those glorious regions be quench'd and still!

STANZAS.

We met and we parted; and never again,
Perchance in this world shall I see
The form and the features that still haunt my brain,
And whisper so wildly of thee!

Thou deemest me one of the heartless and gay,
Akin to the butterfly throng,
Who sport in the sunshine of life's early day,
And delight in the dance and the song!

I read in thine eye, with its careless contempt,
And its glance of derisive mirth,
A pitying scorn for all those unexempt
From the airy delusions of earth!

But remember that all is not as it seems,
The heart can be judged of by none;
Its thoughts may be giv'n to sorrowful themes
Whilst the tongue runs wildly on!

The eye that thou deemest so lustrous in light,
May often be darken'd by tears,
And tell of a spirit whose early delight
Has been crush'd by misfortunes and fears!

And, perchance, thou may'st not thyself be so free
From the follies and fancies of youth;
Nor have held them for ever so wild in their glee,
Or so changing, and wanting in truth!

But the world has breathed on thee, and doubt in thy heart
Has been sown by its hated spell,
And seeds of distrust have sprung up and borne part,
In thy spirit too long, and too well!

And alas! for the dreams that are vested in thee,
And woe for the eye that meets thine;
And fixes its young gaze trustingly
On glances it deemeth divine!

For its peace will be shatter'd, its joyous mirth
Will pass like the sunny ray
Of an April morn, when the beaming earth
Seems clothed with a mantle gay!

And the storms arise, and the whirlwinds blow
O'er each scene e'er a moment fair,
And terror and darkness their mantle throw
With a blighting influence there!

ON HEARING IN A TOWN A NIGHTINGALE UNDER MY WINDOW.

What dost thou here, sweet Bird?
Far, far thy haunts should be,
Where the soft winds are heard
Beneath the forest tree.
Where the bright waters flow,
Mingling their cadence sweet;
And sounds and murmurs low
Thy mournful music greet!

What dost thou here? thy tone
Hath stirr'd my wakeful rest,
And dreams of hours long flown
Return upon my breast!
Dreams of the distant spot
Where thy loved haunts should be,
But where those friends are not
Who once were dear to me

Sad is thy strain, dear Bird!
Yet such its notes should be,
Through night's deep stillness heard
From some dark forest tree.
But here—why com'st thou here?
Thy home is far away;
No whisp'rings sounding near
Invite thee here to stay.

Only my spirit, Bird!
My spirit calls on thee,
For thou its depths hast stirr'd
With thy sweet melody.
And like some absent friend
Thy rich deep tones arise,
And breeze-like sounds ascend
Upon the midnight skies!

But, oh! sweet Bird, depart!
Go to thy distant home,
And from my aching heart
Bear back thy mournful tone.
Bear back with thee the dreams
Thy music there awoke,
The sweet though fev'rish gleams
From distant mem'ry broke!

And, oh! no more return!
The dead are dear to me;
Go then, and o'er their urn
Chant thy sweet melody.
Go! and o'er absent hearts
Assume the same soft pow'r,
And soothing be thy strain, bright Bird,
To them at midnight's hour!

ON A WISH FOR RETIREMENT.

Oh! for some quiet spot,
Some little place of rest,
Where the pure air of heav'n
Should fan my weary breast,
Where the bright stars should be
The watchers round my home,
And nothing worldly or unloved
Within its precincts come!

The birds would waft me music,
Such as I love to hear,
And the soft wind's low murmurings
Enchant my list'ning ear!
The flow of distant rivulets
Should add its peaceful tone,
And each of Nature's dear delights
Be to my spirit known!

And I must have some radiant form
To taste this peace with me—
A heart beloved and trusted in,
And form'd for liberty!—
A spirit tried, and calm, and pure,
To whom the sunny Heaven
Would bring fresh tides of happiness,
And holy thoughts be given!

Then we could kneel together
Beneath the spreading shade,
And offer up our pray'rs to Heav'n,
In love and rapture made!
Then we could praise that Father's care
Who round our hearts had thrown
So many sweet and blissful dreams,
And call Him all our own!

We then could raise our glist'ning eyes—
Glist'ning with hope and faith,
And 'midst the blessed hours of life
Await the coming death!
Content to leave what's brightest here,
Made bright by Faith's sweet light,
And sure of waking up once more
In realms more heavenly bright!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE PET PARTRIDGE.

Bird! thy strength is failing,
And thy gladness flown!
What avails our wailing,
Or our plaintive moan!
Sickness is upon thee,
Illness bows thy head,
A few hours will count thee
'Mongst the myriads dead!

In some other land,
Bird, thy home will be!
To a brighter strand
Kindred summon thee!
Earth has got no dwelling,
Saving for a time;
And my hot tears swelling
Mourn thy swift decline!

Never more at morning,
Thy voice's cheerful sound
Shall tell us of the dawning
By sunrise cast around!
Never to my fond calling
Be heard an answ'ring tone,—
Death is a pow'r appalling,
He claims thee for his own!

The friend of years is sinking
By slow, yet sure degrees;
And we, ah! we, are shrinking
From Heav'n's all just decrees!
Could I but hope to meet thee,
My joyous bird, once more,
This parting hour would seem to me
Not wholly clouded o'er!

I feel thou hast a spirit—
As such may claim a rest,
Where Earth's bright forms inherit
Joy, 'midst the truly blest!
Whether that home is distant
From ours, we may not see;
But well I know that happiness
Is there in store for thee!

For 'mongst the fond and faithful
Thy loving heart must range,
For ev'ry kindness grateful,
And never prone to change!
E'en in these hours of parting—
Of death, and clouds, and pain—
Thine eye meets mine, imparting
Hope we may meet again!

So fare thee well, my bird!
A long farewell to thee!
Thy death the fount has stirr'd,
Of painful memory!
Thy strength is ebbing fast,
'Neath Death's dark spells away;
Each Dream of Hope is past—
I give thee to decay!—

To that green earth, whose breast
Shall yet receive my form:
In mercy bring me rest
From many a raging storm!—
Stilling the pangs that Life,
However bright, must know—
Soothing the spirit's strife,
With all its hidden woe!

I'll place thee in the ground
  Myself, with ev'ry care,
And plant thy grave around
  With flow'rets rich and rare!
And often, Tommy, dear,
  Above thy grass-grown bed,
Will fall the dewy tear,
  By mourning friendship shed!

PASSING THOUGHTS.

I am lonely, I am lonely, through the solemn hours of
night,
For a weight is on my spirit—a withering, and a
blight
I muse upon the lov'd ones, whose homes are far
away,
And Memory has many a word of bitterness to
say!

The March wind, with its hollow sound, is sweeping
through the room,
And bringing with it mournful thoughts and feelings,
as of gloom;
Odd sounds and creakings, such as fill our inmost
hearts with fear,
But which, in our more mirthful hours, we oft have
lov'd to hear!—

Have loved to hear! with cherish d forms, whose earthly
course is o'er,
And whose dear eyes in this frail world shall never
meet us more;
Whose voices thrilling through our hearts in sadness
yet remain,
But whose deep tones of gentleness hall never breathe
again!

I am lonely, I am lonely, 'midst the joyousness of
day,
For the sunbeam's blessed radiance may not with me
stay;
An instant through my heart it streams—a bright and
sunny thing,—
An instant only—changing—fleeting—ever on the
wing!

Yet its passing rays beguile me sometimes from my
gloom,
Raise my spirit somewhat higher than its usual theme—
the tomb!—
Point me out for one brief moment other brighter
spheres
Than this darksome world around us, with its thorns
and tears!

Oh! that I could longer view them—oh! that with me staying,
They might fix my weary vision in one long surveying!
Then this loneliness of spirit, which weighs me to the dust,
Would leave my heart, and in its place be firmest faith and trust!

Lord! in thy deep mercy cleanse me from the taints of earthly ill,
And, despite my sinful weakness, give thy blessing still!
Bear my weighty burden for me up life's mountain side,
And with kindly aid support me, let what will betide!

When Earth's bitterness is on me, soothe me with thy love,
Making clear the precious promise of our rest above!
Oh! that I at last may gain it, through the dreary tomb,
Then will vanish earthly struggles—earthly spells of gloom!

THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.

They tell me I am dying;—that away
From the bright earth, and merry sunbeam's play
I soon must pass—for shades of deepest night,
Leaving the young Spring, and its forms of light.
Oh! this is sadd'ning! for I fain would stay
Till Summer's gay wreaths fading pass away;
Till life's first sunshine pales its lustrous hue;
And clouds come gath'ring o'er the dark'ning view.
But now, when soft winds blow, and young flow'rs bloom,
Why must I sink into the lonely Tomb?
Why quit the bright and sunny earth to pine
Like one forgotten, in an unknown clime?
I cannot bear to go—to leave thee here,
The only mourner o'er my early bier;
To know that thou wilt feel, when I am gone,
'Midst all this sunshine, cheerless and alone!
Oh, Death, stern Death! why dost thou come to part
Me, from the idol of my anguish'd heart?
Why bid me thus resign each earthly tie,
And in my youth's first season droop and die?

Methinks, perchance, I might have left this sphere
Unclouded by a single grief, or tear,
And learn'd to fix my hopes on that far shore
Where care can reach the spirit never more;
But that I know, however fair it be,
Without thy presence 'twill be dark to me!
No sound brings music to my lonely ear,
Save the approach of thy soft footstep here;
And that loved voice, whose lightest tones impart
Such deep, deep pleasure to my raptured heart.
Oh! hadst thou been less kind, I could have gone
Without such sorrow to my long last home:
But now I cannot leave thee; no—that smile
Recalls my wand'ring senses for awhile;
And brings me back to earth—to life and light,
To all the scenes which seem with thee most bright.
Beloved! whilst still my power of speech remains,
And yet are link'd life's fast dissolving chains;
Ere yet Death's fatal darkness binds my heart,
And all the dreams of vanish'd hours depart;
I bid thee hush thy grief, and calm the woe
Which must await thee from this last dread blow.
Tis true that I have loved thee with a faith
Unquench'd, and undiminish'd still in Death;

That I have sought till now to smooth thy path,
Have shared with thee, the storm's and billows' wrath;
Have lived for thee, and 'neath thy smile alone
Found pleasure only in thy gentle tone;
And yet I must depart—a spirit hand
Beckons me on to some celestial strand
Where we shall meet again; meanwhile I pray
That thou mayst cast all gloomy doubts away,
And seek another, who with love like mine
May soothe thy heart, forbid thee to repine;
And thro' life's long and sometimes weary day,
Thy gentle care with fondest faith repay!
Sorrow is vain, and murmurs wrongly given
For all must bow beneath the will of Heaven.
Remember this; and now thy hand, kind friend,
For soon all commune on this earth will end
And thou canst soften e'en this last dread sting,
And to my parting spirit pleasure bring.
Tell me, thou wilt not mourn in idle grief
Woes that admit not of a swift relief;
But try to live—no more—Death's finger now
Hath laid his impress on my dark'ning brow;
My eyes grow dim, and I am call'd to dwell
Afar, away! Beloved, fare thee well!

RONALD.

Young Ronald roam'd with a heavy heart,
And a weary listless pace,
For he bade a long and last farewell
To his native dwelling-place!
And he look'd not back, though a mother's tears
Were falling both thick and fast;
But he left the home of his childhood's years,
The scenes of the happy past!

And often in after hours the thought
Of his mother's holy care,
Would pass through his midnight slumber fraught
With spells from his native air!
But when daylight came, and the world shone out
In its bright and gorgeous hue,
He pass'd from them all, and set about
On his evil ways anew!

He sought for Pleasure in Fashion's train,
For peace, in the midnight cup,
But found it bitter, tho' forced to drain
The poisoning liquid up!
And wherever he turn'd, a mist arose
In fancy upon his sight,
And stung by the weight of earthly woes,
He sunk to Despair's dread night!

But a spirit whisper'd to his heart,
And bade him seek once more,
The happy scenes he long had left,
Its pleasures past and o'er!
And a something of remorse that prey'd
Upon his aching breast,
Led him, unwilling to the shade,
Of Home's delicious rest!

* * * * *

The mother's arms are round her son,
To pardon, and to bless,
And the holy love so swiftly won,
Is his Star of Happiness!
The sweet sad smile of the pensive eve
No longer brings him fear,
But the night-bird's mournful cadence leave
Sweet music on his ear!

The tears are dried that long have flow'd,
Nor flow'd for him in vain,
And from his heart there falls the load
Of Error's weighty chain!
He holds his mother's hand, and kneels
Upon the dewy sod,
Off'ring a contrite spirit up,
A broken heart to God!

OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS.

Oh! what a battle in my heart
Is waging yet,
Because I cannot bid depart
Or all forget
The *past*, which mingles in Life's cup for me,
A draught deep drugg'd with pain and misery!

To live, in this world's sense, is grief
More bitter far
Than Death—as much beyond relief
Life's struggles are!
Wild are the heart's dreams, but they all must die,
Or live in chains—one ceaseless agony!

Yet like a restless prison'd bird
I flap my wings,
And seek to make my wishes heard
In whisperings,
Gentle at first, but waxing loud and strong,
Like a deep burst of music pour'd in song!

I have no hope in living on—
No joy on earth—
All my young dreams of bliss are gone,
Faded at birth!
None feel as I do—none can pant with me
To be released from bondage and set free!

Yes, *free!* in fields above to roam
Amongst the pure—
The loved—who've gain'd that peaceful home
Where all is sure.
No clouds—no doubts—no earthliness to dim
The brightness of their spirits gain'd from Him!

From *Him*, who ever loved them here
Though sinful then,
Wand'ring in painfulness and fear
Through haunts of men.
And who, when fellow sinners scorn'd look'd down
Changing to Mercy's smiles his dreadful frown!

TRANSLATION OF A SONG.

Is that a distant bird
  Warbling its tones of praise,
Till the soft air is stirr'd
  With sweet melodious lays;
Its farewell to the day,
  The day of life and glee,
Whilst ev'ning's pensive ray
  Steals o'er the western sea?

No! for its tones are sad,
  And mournfully they rise;
A bird's would be more glad
  To greet the loving skies!
His notes would thrill with song,
  Song of entrancing pow'r,
Whilst these sweep slow along,
  As burden'd by the hour!

Listen, listen once again!
From his dark abode of care,
'Tis a captive pours this strain
Upon the evening air!
His last farewell to life,
To love, and liberty,
Well may the tones be rife
With deep solemnity!

"Farewell, farewell, thou day?
Far o'er the heaving sea,
Thy last faint distant ray
Plays lingeringly!
O'er the blue skies the gloom
Of night's dark hours steals on,
And eve's refreshing bloom
From wood and grave is gone!

"The streams and founts lie still'd,
Or move more calmly by,
And the dark woods are fill'd
With mournful melody!
Would that my heart like them
Could bend to change's power,
Nor vainly seek to stem
Misfortunes as they lower!

"But farewell to the day,
The last day I shall see;
To all the light and play
Of sad sweet memory!
The morning's sun will stream
Above the captive's grave,
And bright will be its beam
Upon the curling wave!

"My youth of sunny thought—
Of stainless bliss—has flown,
And ev'ning's hour is fraught
With sadness not its own!
A cold damp chills my heart,
Steals quickly o'er my rest,
And spirits call, Depart,
Depart, and be thou blest!

"Wilt thou, my much beloved,
My Nora, weep for me?
And where my steps have roved,
Will thy soft footpath be?
Will thy bright tears descend
Above my early grave,
And mournful breezes send
Thy farewell o'er the wave!

"I know the moon's pale ray
Will bathe my place of rest,
And the cool night winds play
Above my silent breast.
But I depart alone,
With no kind spirit near,
No watcher by the bed of pain
Through hours of darkness drear!"

Thus mournfully arose
The captive's thrilling song,
And its last feeble close
The night winds bore along!
Till, with a dying sigh,
The echo sank away,
And from the clouded sky,
Night chas'd the last pale grey!

TO JESSY.

The Spring is come, its flow'rets bloom
With mild and op'ning grace;
Their balmy blossoms shed perfume
O'er Nature's rural face!

The landscape is of emerald dye,
The streamlets gently flow;
Ausonian is the sunny sky,
And soft the breezes blow!

I linger here; my heart is sad,
For absent friends I sigh;
Friends that could make a desert glad
Of cherish'd memory!

And thou, with thy dear voice, art gone,
That cheer'd my drooping heart;
The days of life roll sadly on,
And youth's brief hours depart!

I seek not now the early flow'rs
As once of yore I sought;
Sweet Hope has lost her magic pow'rs,
And sorrow deepens thought!

I rove not through the cultur'd vale,
As erst I roved with thee;
Though flow'rets scent the balmy gale,
They gladden all but me!

And, when the wild bird pours his lay
Of grateful song to Heav'n,
I think of that far distant day
When joy from earth was riv'n!

Spring flow'rs with their varied hues
Now sadden, not delight;
On dreams of happiness I muse,
Hopes that have wing'd their flight!

The joys of youth's delightful Spring
Have beam'd for all but me;
Returning seasons do but bring
A pleasing sympathy!

The flow'rs may bloom in fairy pride,
The scented breezes play,
'Tis all the same whate'er betide,
Grief charms my hours away!

I know that still, as erst of yore,
Both kind and good thou art;
And tho' I ne'er may view thee more,
My love will not depart!

I dream of happy days pass'd by,
Of that delightful Spring,
So cherish'd still by memory,
Though visions sad it bring!

When o'er the lawn and wooded dale
We roved with hearts so light;
Nor dreamt of Sorrow's aspect pale,
Nor fear'd a future night!

Glad were we then! but not so now,
My fleeting moments wing;
Time writes a wrinkle on my brow,
And thoughts more sadd'ning spring!

But sweet hopes, not of mortal birth
To shroud my hours are giv'n,
To lift my soul from things of earth,
To wing its flight to Heav'n!

And brighter days for me may beam,
Though sad my lot appears;
Hope still may chase Grief's raven gleam,
And cheer my coming years!

Altho' my youthful hours have been
Obscured in Sorrow's night,
Pleasures may rise for me unseen,
And after years be bright!

Perchance these frail though pleasing themes
Alike may fickle prove,
The heart is prone t'indulge fond dreams,
Through flow'ry meads to rove!

The joys of earth are little worth,
Woe is the path to Heav'n!
All the false pleasures of the earth,
For mortals' snares are giv'n!

THE DREAMER.

Thine eye looks dim, my friend, and on thy brow
Grief's darkest shadows are reposing now;
Thy cheek's fresh bloom has fled, and in thy heart
I know some heavy thought must dwell apart.
Tell me thy grief, and on my bosom shower
The hot tears forth, and find relief, my flower!

"I dreamt, dear sister! and in fev'rish sleep,
Last night, a parting fell which made me weep;—
A friend much loved return'd, but for a space
So sadly brief—I saw his glorious face,
And heard his words—that now I vainly try
To chase the tear from out my weary eye!

"I press'd his hand in mine, and, oh! its touch
Had something in it; and it said so much
That I can feel it now, and well I know
It was our last sad meeting here below!
I spoke not—for a spell was on me there,
And, oh! I stood enchain'd by mute despair!

"And he is gone! and I no more shall see
His kind smile sweetly resting upon me;
No more behold him as in days gone by,
Nor hear his voice so full of melody.
Why do I mourn? Earth has no lasting bliss!
And do I weep a trifle vain as this?

"We may rejoin in Heav'n! let then my pray'r
Of love for *him* be daily offer'd there;
And He who never spurns the suppliant's cry,
Will send His pitying spirit from on high;
And fill our hearts; and teach our sight to rest
For evermore on visions bright and blest!"

LINES ON DEATH.

WRITTEN AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

What art thou, oh, Death ?
A mystic spirit dark as night,
From whom one single breath
The fairest flow'r on earth can blight,
And fade like grass away,
And lead unto the Tomb !
But oft to spheres of Heav'nly day,
And oft to realms of gloom,
Thou lead'st thy captives home !

STANZAS.

Sorrow must rest upon my brow, and darkness dim
mine eye,
And from my spirit fade away Joy's last receding
dye;
And listless weariness will steal o'er all my pulses
yet,
For when I'm wand'ring far away, I know thou wilt
forget!

Others will court thy envied love, and bask beneath the
smile
Which once had pow'r to cheer my heart, and ev'ry
woe beguile!
Perhaps more fortunate by far, may strive, and not in
vain,
That love through all life's changing scenes, and stormy
paths to gain!

I'll leave the world's unlovely throng to those whose track may lie,
Beneath a brighter star than mine, a less unclouded sky!
And seek in solitude to win the peace that flies me yet,
But, oh! however far away, I never can forget!

No! crowding back to Mem'ry's urn, the thoughts of vanish'd days
Will come array'd in starlight hues, and sunset's deep'ning rays;
And many a gushing tear will start from out its crystal cell,
For all the faded joys which speak of one I loved too well!

But when upon thy fate I muse, though I'm remember'd not,
I'll check my selfish grief awhile, and bless thy happier lot;
For had thy path been bound with mine, in this dark vale below,
Who knows, it had perchance betook of half my spirit's woe!

Then, for the few short years of life that yet are left to me,
It matters little for the storms or darkness I may see;
If thou 'art happy, I'll not seek for bliss that's sure to fly,
But lay me down in calm content, in peacefulness to die!

ON THE

DEATH OF A SISTER, MRS. PETER WELLS.

Thou'rt vanish'd, lovely Zoe,
To thy place of rest,
Where no earth-storms struggle
In the peaceful breast!
In thy early springtime,
Ere one leaf could fall,
Rosebud of rare beauty,
Taken from us all!

Sorrow had not touch'd thee
With his venom'd dart,
Nor had dark care driven
The freshness from thy heart
All was beautiful and bright
As in thy girlhood's time,
Invested with a holier light
To warn us of decline!

And yet in gazing on thee,
We never dreamt of change;
And now thou'rt gone *for ever*,
It seems so very strange!
So wonderful that *Thou*,
The fairest and the best,
Should in the grave, laid low,
Be wrapp'd in solemn rest!

The pray'rs were read above thee;
I was not there to hear—
I could not kneel as others might
Beside thy gloomy bier!
To gaze upon thy cherish'd face,
Where Death had set his seal,
Must be a bitt'rer pang than words,
Tho' strong, could well reveal!

I never saw thee, loveliest!
Never since earthly blight
Had fall'n upon thy beauty,
And robb'd it of its light!
When last we met, sweet Summer
Was on the flow'rs and trees;
And brilliant was the sunshine,
And soft the scented breeze!

Like a bright star from Heav'n
Fell thy reflection here,
Too brilliant to do more than shoot
Through Earth's dull fading sphere!
Seen for a moment—loved
And worshipp'd by the crowd,
Then veil'd for evermore from view,
In Death's cold, dismal shroud!

'Tis terrible to think of—
'Tis painful to our hearts—
But yet we have a balsam
To heal us of our smarts!
We know that thou hast left us
But for a little while,
That we again may meet thee,
And see thy joyful smile!

Yes, see thee—where thy sunshine
Will know no cloud or change,
And where all else is beautiful,
And nothing dark or strange!
In *thine own home*, bright spirit,
From whence to bless our sight
Thou ventur'dst for an hour on earth,
Then took a long, last flight!

This climate was too chilly
For such a glorious flower,
And yet it kindly deign'd to bloom
Within an earthly bower!
It brighten'd up the heart of *one*,
Now desolate and sad,
But who, in future years, we trust,
May yet again be glad!

For thou hast left him, Zoe,
Two little buds of thee—
Two infant forms of loveliness,
Of innocence and glee!
They bear thy happy angel smile,
Thine own pure eyes of blue,
And ev'rything about them seems
All radiant in its hue!

And long may it continue so!—
May they a blessing prove,
To him who watches o'er their ways
With anxious care and love!
And when the hours of life are past,
And ev'ning time draws near,
May all rejoin thee, cherish'd one,
In thy celestial sphere!

SONG.

"Ye are not miss'd, fair flowers,
From the valley where ye grew;
The birds sing sweet in the summer bowers,
But they sorrow not for you!
Nature, balmy odours breathing,
Sheds her incense round the grot;
Summer boughs are darkly wreathing,
But, sweet flow'rs, they mourn ye not!
They mourn ye not!

Bright the pearly waters glance,
Gently murm'ring through the vale;
Forest boughs above them dance,
With echoings on the gale!
The birds sing sweet among the bowers,
And on the festive grot,
Where ye once hung; but, lovely flowers,
Your odours are forgot!
Your odours are forgot!

But not alone from memory,
Your fairy charms are gone;
The *bright ones* of the earth, like ye
Are miss'd not when they've flown;
Each voice of song flows gladly on,
And they are all forgot;
Then, flowers, ye are not left alone,
Though Nature mourns ye not!
Though Nature mourns ye not!

LIFE.

LINES WRITTEN AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

Oh, life is short! it fleets away
  Like the evanescent gleam
Of sunshine on a summer's day,
  Reflected on a stream!

For soon we fade away and die,
  No trace is left behind,
As shadows in the evening fly,
  So perishes mankind!

LINES ON A PICTURE.

My Daughter! Thy fair face is on me now,
And still I see thy meekly thoughtful brow,
And those fond eyes—that look of love is yet
Within my soul, and I can ne'er forget!
But mem'ry wakes a pang—the deepest known
To my sad heart, whence thou, and thou alone
Dost call dark thoughts—this pictured type of thee
Wears thy sweet smiles, yet sad its beams for me!
For thou art gone! and never on my breast
Its living image on this earth may rest!
I weep for thee! for there is one whose face
Recalls thee to me in thy saintly grace;
And in her playful mirth she seems to me,
The very soul of all I loved in thee!
Yet vain my tears; for, from the viewless bourne
Which thou hast pass'd, there meets with no return;
And thou art happy; and I feel, I know
That we shall meet again, though not below!

Perchance thy spirit, from its rest above,
May sometimes watch o'er those it used to love;
And thy meek voice in prayer before the Throne
Be heard for many a loved though parted one!
Could Night's dark veil from o'er my eyes be cast,
And Hope enlighten'd look beyond the past;
I then should weep no more, but calmly see
Thy Saviour's love in thus removing thee!
Oh! may the peace that mark'd thy life's decline,
At death's last hour give equal joy to mine!

TO DARLING FLORA.

Thou art with me now, my darling one,
Through sorrow's lonely hours,
How shall I miss thy love when flown
For ever from Earth's bow'rs!
I dwell upon thy loving heart,
And on thy tender face,
For thou art quite a thing apart
From man's deceptive race!

Thy faith by gold may not be won,
Thy love is fond and pure,
And ever more my blessed one
Its mem'ry will endure!
Sadly I mourn to think that years
Will snatch thy form away;
In spite of all the bitter tears
I shed from day to day!

I dare not think of what will be
My fate when thou art gone;
This world a with'ring mockery,
The grave of friendship's flown!
I shall look back in vain, in vain,
On ev'ry fond caress;
For never in this life again
Can aught so truly bless!

It may be sinful to bestow
My heart's first love on thee,
But, oh! I cannot think it so,
And hope it may not be!
I gave it once to other friends,
They froze it into stone;
But now its fervour all descends
On thee, my Dog, alone!

On *thee*, who answ'rest gladly
To ev'ry fond embrace,
Raising thy large eyes sadly
When grief is on my face!
And sporting gaily round me
To bid me not to roam;
Or if I do, to take thee
With me, from home to home!

Oh! dark will be the moments
When thou art call'd away,
And heavier still the hours
Of each succeeding day!
Without one earthly solace,
My weary months will fly,
And ev'ry dream of happiness
Be cast for ever by!

May Heav'n in its deep mercy
My spirit raise above,
And teach me to bestow my thoughts
Upon a Father's love!
And not to build up idols
Upon an earthly throne,
Lest they should fall, and leave me
Too utterly alone!

SONG.

God of my Fathers, hear!
When the dread ocean-waves round us are dashing,
And thunders are roaring, and lightnings flashing
In terror and darkness near!

List to our solemn cry!
Come forth on the wings of the storm and the night,
And ride through the darkness in power and might,
Bringing deliv'rance nigh!

Father, defend from ill!
Scatter the tempest, and quell the dark Ocean,
And bid its wild billows subdue their emotion,
Guide and support us still!

THE PRIMROSE.

Primrose of Infancy and Youth!
I court thy golden eye,
Sweet harbinger of joy and truth,
Of light ethereal dye!
No flow'r on earth is more endear'd
To memory, than thine;
Amidst the woods and forests rear'd,
Of pleasant thoughts, the shrine!

Oh! who can pass thee reckless by,
Nor dream of youth's bright hours,
When wand'ring 'neath life's summer sky,
We sought thy cherish'd flow'rs!
Untainted were our spirits then,
Our hearts untouch'd by guile,
Nor had pale sorrow's blight I ken,
Sadden'd one magic smile!

There's not an hour of purer bliss,
Or deeper joy on earth,
Than that first hour of happiness
When reason springs to birth!
And when the young soul, wild and free
As Nature's bright domain,
Dreams not what after years may be,
Nor recks of future pain!

And such were all our feelings, when
In youth's bright halcyon hours,
We sought in vale and wooded glen
Thy sweet inspiring flow'rs!
And oft we form'd the dewy wreath,
And hail'd the coming morn,
When, fragrant with thy balmy breath,
The breezy winds were borne!

And never may such hours again
Come o'er the wasted heart,
By sorrow worn, and grief, and pain,
Which never can depart!
But still this gleam from vanish'd time,
When our young hearts were free,
Brings back, with well-remember'd chime,
The joys of Infancy!

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

A BLESSING on thy path, my friend!—
A blessing warm and true,
And may the smiles of Heav'n descend
On thee, like summer dew!
And the sweet skies that round thee spread
Their colours soft and bright,
Within thy weary spirit shed
A pure and holy light!

As traveller on a distant strand,
I still shall think of thee,
And pray that on that stranger land
God may thy guardian be!
That health's bright glow again may stream
Upon that noble brow,
And true contentment's peaceful gleam
Be more impress'd than now!

The sunny south her radiant flowers
Across thy path will fling,
And the soft breezes thro' the bowers
Their sweetest incense wing!
And the rich sounds thou lov'st to hear,
From Music's starry clime,
Float ever on thy raptured ear
With tones almost divine!

Oh! may their spells awake in thee
No memories of the past,
Nor aught of dark or mournful be
Across thy spirit cast!
But a calm hope thy bosom fill,
That when Earth's toils are o'er,
In pure communion, deep and still,
Heav'n may the lost restore!

I shall remember thee, my friend!
With love, and faith, and pray'r;
And may thy hopes with mine ascend
Upon the ev'ning air!
May the sweet stars their silv'ry light,
Though in a diff'rent clime,
Shed down with radiance soft and bright
Upon thy heart and mine!

And may thy days float swiftly by,
  Undimm'd by care or pain,
Pleasure's bright beam within thine eye,
  And on thy lip its strain!
No cloud of earth to shroud thy way,
  No dark'ning spell be giv'n,
But ever on thy life's long day
  Be shed the calm of Heav'n!

THE DYING IMPROVISATRICE.

Yes, bring me flow'rs—the spring's bright gifts—the last—
The well beloved of hopes and feelings past!
Their fairy fragrance tells of worlds afar,
Where my soul's wasted hidden treasures are!

They breathe of *love!*—of all the bright and flown—
Haunting my heart as with a spirit tone;
Of youth, young faith, and rich gifts, bearing back
The dreams that faded from my early track!

And the wild airs, whose dirge-like tones now float
O'er my dark mem'ry, like the dying note
Of some sweet zephyr waken'd by the spring—
Deep tones and sad their mellow breathings bring!

Now rushing on with strange, o'ermast'ring pow'r,
Stirring wild tumults in my bosom's bower;
Now like the autumn forest's gusty moan,
Wak'ning the music of a voice long flown!

Why do I linger here?—Earth has no spell
So deep as that which bids me breathe, Farewell!—
No strains so sweet as those I long to hear,
The hidden music of a far-off sphere!

This fame ye speak of, 'tis a weary joy,
Leading us on, and only to destroy!
Heaping bright stores within the drooping heart,
And all like youth's first smiles, in grief to part!—

To part—to leave us lonelier than before,
As aliens sighing for their native shore;
As summer flow'rs o'er which the autumn blast,
With all its sweeping fury, long has past!

And all that's fair and fading—like the gleams
Of young bright Hope athwart the spirit's dreams;
Like *Love*, the tempter, with his rainbow wreath,
Decking the trusting heart with hues of death!

Why should I stay?—thy waters brightly flow,
But pain and suff'ring tinge their sparkling glow:
Thy skies are bright, oh, earth! but 'neath them lay
All the dark things that breathe of swift decay!

And there are other lands, unwrapt in haze,
On which my spirit rests with loving gaze.
I will depart, for there the lost one's found,
And faded flow'rs in brighter garlands bound!

TO ——.

Adieu to Fancy's airy dreams,
Adieu to Hope's delusive themes,
To all that earth holds fair or bright,
I now will bid a last good night!

Yet, ah! 'tis happiness to rove
Through the wide fields of peace and love;
To wander where the spirit leads
By gurgling streams and flow'ry meads;

To quaff the nectar of delight,
As though cloud never told of night;
To sip the honey from the flowers,
As joy had never left earth's bowers!

Yes, it is sweet, but very vain,
For life has nought unmix'd with pain;
And when these dreams in doubt depart,
Then night descends upon the heart!

And all that once so sweetly shone,
Is sadden'd o'er by sorrow's moon;
And chasten'd by the dull deep ray,
Whichbreathes of darkness and decay!

Love is the rainbow to our sight!
The very star of life and light!
The hue that gilds life's summer heav'n,
In mercy to poor wand'rers given!

What though its soft and pensive ray
Must soon to sterner thoughts give way!
Do we not need some light to throw
A radiance o'er our path below?

Is not the faithful heart a prize
For ever cherish'd in our eyes?
Does not affection warm the breast,
And soothe with dreams of peaceful rest?

Oh, yes! that heart indeed is stern
Where Hope has never dared to burn;
Nor one bright ray of feeling shed
A blessing on the dreamer's head!

Then tho' despair may sometimes lower,
Sickening with doubt an evil hour;
Still let us cherish hope, and try
To lift our hearts beyond the sky!

Here all have felt alloy and pain,
There, undivided pleasures reign;
Here we must toil, and watch, and pray,
There, night succeeds not to the day.

Then will I cherish still the dreams
That cheer me with their rainbow gleams,
And through the clouds and gloom of night,
Look forward to the rays of light!

Sure that the moment yet will come
To waft me to a happier home;
Content, that on earth's fading sphere
Some gleams of happiness are near!

Pleased with the thought where'er I rove,
I still may cherish dreams of *love*,
And trust to find in one true breast
At last a sure and peaceful rest!

Thou art the day-star to my heart,
From thee my hopes can never part;
And tho' thy lot I may not share,
Still for thy weal I breathe a pray'r!

Bless'd in the hope that life for thee
From care and sorrow may be free;
And trusting yet once more to meet
Before our Saviour's mercy-seat!

DIRGE.

Lost one! thou art happy now,
Free from anguish, care, and woe;
Blest with that deep peaceful rest,
Which on earth ne'er fill'd thy breast.
All the past has ceased to beam,
Sunk in dark oblivion's stream!

From the spring's bright sunny bowers—
From its groves, its founts, and flowers—
From the sunshine and the shade,
Where so oft thy footsteps stray'd—
From the fireside's cheerful ray,
Thou hast pass'd, afar—away!

In the moonlight's soft, sweet shine
Mem'ries throng us, wholly thine;
And the stars that light the heaven
Speak to us of ties now riven.
Each voice of earth but wakes the spell
That tells us of thy last farewell!

Yet we ought not thus to mourn,
Though thou never mayst return;
For thy spirit here was bound
By Grief's mazes, circled round;
And Disappointment in thy breast
Had lull'd each better hope to rest!

For Love had wing'd his keenest dart,
The arrow quiver'd in thy heart;
Though much and vainly didst thou try
To bear up 'gainst its agony:
Long months and hours of quenchless pain
At length dissever'd nature's chain!

And brought thee rest and peace at last,
In deep oblivion of the past!
Then, lost one! though like winter's rain
Gush forth our tears at thy dear name,
Still do we bless the hand that spread
Thy pillow 'mong the lowly dead!

MY AFTER FATE.

My *after fate!* 'twas thus I mused
One lovely summer's night,
Whilst visions of the past infused
A sorrowful delight!

Where am I now? amidst the crowd
Of thoughtless, young, and gay;
Where Disappointment wraps her shroud
Above my lonely way!

Where was I when her nightly track
Last month yon pale moon traced?
With friends whose gladness comes not back
For evermore effaced!

And who may say when a year has roll'd
On its heavy course away,
What visions of darkness as yet untold
May gleam with their sickly ray!

Perchance o'er the grave of a Brother bending
I may linger with fond regret;
Or watch in life's glass each bright hope blending
The sister of solitude yet!

Or the foaming waves may bear me on
To a distant and stranger shore,
Where, when the friends of my youth are gone,
I may dream of their falseness no more!

Or the dim turf may envelope with gloom
The grass that waves over my head;
The roses of summer unheeded may bloom
O'er the darksome abode of the dead!

STANZAS.

Sometimes a shadow from the world above
Floats o'er my heart; and whisp'ring tones my love
Tell me of change and death!
They have dark meanings and sad sounds for thee,
But light and sunshine ever seem to me
Borne on their fragrant breath!

I do not ask to go—since thou art here:
Nor do I seek to live, for this dim sphere
Hath troubled oft my rest;
Yet doth a voice at moments pierce my heart
With the glad summons that I must depart
Early to join the blest!

Oh! should this warning be a true one giv'n
To bid me store my treasure up in Heav'n,
Grieve not thy soul, my love!
For when I'm pass'd away, my heart will be
A constant watcher o'er thy paths and thee,
Pointing the way above!

Long have we dwelt together—long mine eye
Been gazing upward to the starry sky
As if attracted there;
And many a time with mournful lays I've sought
To bid thee my deep spirit's ceaseless thought
In thy heart's cavern's share!

But vainly, vainly; for thine earthly love
Hath not yet mounted to its rest above:
Its home, alas! is here!—
And its deep gushings on a mortal head,
With fiery fervour have too long been shed,
Heir of a brighter sphere!

Raise thou thine eye with earnest glance to Heav'n,
Raise *there* thy thoughts, and may its rest be giv'n
Unsparingly to thee!
So that when Death shall bid thee yield to him
Thy best beloved on earth—and all seems dim,
Faith may thy guerdon be!

Faith that a trusting heart shall find once more
The *all* it sighs for on a brighter shore,
Love's own celestial home!
Then will thy soul from earthly cares be riv'n,
And its wing'd thoughts mount evermore to Heav'n,
Never again to roam!

STANZAS.

Yes! I'll often gaze upon thee
From my starry home on high,
And I'll watch and hover o'er thee
With a spirit's piercing eye!
All the paths thy footstep treadeth
Will be open to my sight,
And when darkness overwhelmeth,
I will pray for dawning light!

Think not that pure love departeth
Like the sunshine from the sky;
Think not that the spirit's fervour
Passeth like Death's lightning by!
No! it liveth—ever liveth,
Where no taint is o'er it thrown,
And new strength its faith receiveth
With a deeper, holier tone!

I can never watch the fading
Of a soft, sweet summer's day,
All its glories slow decaying,
But I wish to pass away!
All our pleasures here are fleeting,
Born, like fairy things, to die;
But the friend's impassion'd greeting
May be ours again on high!

Coldness often interveneth,
Casts a gloom on all below,
Blighting change and doubt adhereth
To our spirit's joy or woe!
But those regions, bright and holy,
Know no clouds to mar their bliss;
Joy and calmness dwell there only,
Rich in fadeless happiness!

Oh! I long to look from thither
O'er the pathways thou wilt tread,
To watch with all an angel's fondness
O'er thy dear, devoted head!
And when thy spirit, worn and weary,
Seeks another happier shore,
Mine will be the first to greet thee,
From thy dangers past and o'er!

When a soft, consoling power
Sheds its influence o'er thy heart,
It will be my spirit hov'ring
Round the region where thou art!
Seeking, with a hidden magic,
All thine inward storms to quell;
In the hours of doubt and anguish
Watching o'er the loved one well!

Yes! I'm with thee—living—dying—
But more blessed with thee-there;
And life's number'd hours are flying—
Such, at least, my daily pray'r!
Calmly may my ev'ning moments
Ere a few short years decay—
Brightly thine when all thou prizest
Fadeth from thy grasp away!

I have known but little gladness,
And *that little* shar'd with thee;
But my spirit's inward sadness
None around may ever see!
Smiles or tears alike I shower,
By the wild winds borne along,
For no sweet responsive power
Sends an echo to my song!

TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

Oh! thou art going far away, in distant lands to roam,
Unto a pathway yet untried, to find another home;
Thou'lt leave thy childhood's cherish'd friends, and in a stranger breast,
Thy hopes must seek the calm repose by fond affection blest!

May joy be with thee, and its shadows brightly steal around,
To sanctify the calm delights within thy spirit found;
May He, whose sov'reign eye looks down on ev'ry lot below,
Around thy path a constant stream of peace and pleasure throw!

But yet remember that in life no sunshine is without
The mingled clouds that dim its rays with darkness and with doubt;

And though Joy's sparkling fountains throw some
drops of crystal up,
There's no bright draught unmix'd with woe, in life's
uncertain cup!

The blushing beauties of the Spring call forth delightful
dreams,
But soon they fade before the blight of Autumn's
soberer gleams;
E'en so the hopes of early years in sorrow melt
away,
And all the deep, fond trust of hearts is buried in
decay!

Then look beyond this cheerless earth, to realms in
fancy bright,
Where Spring for ever sweetly blooms, and clouds are
turn'd to light;
Where fadeless joy departeth not, nor friendships pass
away,
But all the spirit's quenchless hopes bear on with
lasting sway!

TO ——

If thou should'st change from what thou art,
And Time's destroying wing,
Or the world's breath unto thy heart
A dead'ning influence bring;
And those that love thee now grow cold,
And friends no longer seem
Kind as they were in days of old,
'Neath youth's enchanting beam!

If on the world's rough billows toss'd
Thy shatter'd bark should ride;
Life's skies by tempest clouds be cross'd
Of anger, care, or pride!
And thy young heart's fresh feelings fly
Like spray-drops on the wind,
Dash'd by the stormy waves on high,
Leaving no trace behind!

If thou should'st feel the quenchless grief
That some are doom'd to know,
Without a prospect of relief,
Or moment's bliss below!
And turn with feelings of disgust
From all earth deems most bright,
To seek a higher, holier trust,
A calmer, purer light;

Remember there is *one* whom change
Had never power to move,
Nor sorrow's keenest darts estrange,
Or bid his steps to rove!
Whom coldness sought with bitter tone
From faith to turn aside,
Who trod life's weary paths alone
Without a friend or guide!

And though he asks not love from thee,
He still might soothe thy pain,
And win thee back felicity,
And lead to peace again!
And with affection's holiest power,
Strive fondly to dispel
All clouds of doubt and grief that lower
O'er one he loves too well!

But should bright fortune's fairy smiles
  On thy smooth path descend,
And the vain world's most tempting wiles
  Thy flow'ry steps attend!
Still there is one whose daily prayer
  For thee is wildly given,
And who from earthly pain and care
  Hopes to be won for Heav'n!

A FRAGMENT.

STANZAS ON ETERNITY.

Eternity! thrice glorious word!
How gladly are the accents heard
That whisper tales of thee—how bright
Thy dawning on the raptured sight.
Oh! that to me Thought's deepest spells were giv'n,
That o'er my lyre might sweep bright strains from Heaven!
That fire-wing'd fancies in their rich array,
Might swell the chorus of each votive lay;
Then, would I raise a song of nobler flow,
Soft as the sunset with its golden glow.
Oh! for an eye to pierce the shades of gloom
That shroud with darkness realms beyond the tomb;
A spirit, hov'ring on the wings of light
To fathom mists of undiscerned night,
Whose vapoury clouds but float in pageant by,
As some dread spectre o'er the mental eye,
Whence burst the rays of glory bright and clear,
With seraph warblings on th' enchanted ear!

When musing on the brink of Time's abyss,
Where Lethean waters darkly boil and hiss,
Where memory veils her magic power
Rich as the beauty of the starlight hour;
And furls her sails of shadowy light,
Ere the deep shades of coming night
With awe surprise: thou only art
The fountful essence of the heart!
And when down Time's unvarying path,
Life's billows rave with stormy wrath,
Sweeping both slaves and tyrants low,
E'en as the whirlwind's fiercely blow,
With terror on their rushing wings.
Dread scourge of peasants and of kings!
We know as fleeting time skims by,
That Death on dark wings hovers nigh,
With fiery barb and shivering spear,
And eyes unfurrow'd by a tear;
That each and all in turns must come
For shelter to their dreary home,
And lay this fickle fabric by,
Essence of frail mortality!
Oh! when the parting hour draws on,
When all the hopes of life are gone,

When pleasure seems a phantom, and
Voices from the unseen strand,
Call the poor wand'rer to that shore
Where Death shall wing its shafts no more,
How bright the blissful hope must be
That's centred in Eternity!
How glorious the first entrance seem
Like rapture's soul-entrancing dream!
And, oh! what blaze of fiery light
Must shoot at once upon the sight,
What warblings meet th' astonish'd ear,
What songs of seraphs deep and clear!

Far other to the sceptic's eyes,
What gloomy darkness must arise,
A hell of dreadful thoughts within,
The torments of despair and sin.
A guilty conscience sear'd by crime,
The agonies of goading time!
And airy terrors round him spread,
And grim shapes beck'ning to the dead;
Where waits with gloomy darkness there,
Eternity of dread despair!

STANZAS.

All earth is lovely now—the sky
Bears trace of deeper blue,
And Spring's soft green attracts the eye
With many a varied hue;
The birds pour their rich music forth
With calm, tho' joyous strain,
As if to waken other hearts
To echo it again!

But mine is still—their melody
Falls sadly on me now;
I dread lest others should descry
The gloom upon my brow!
Lest those more calm should dare to blame
The feelings of my breast,
Which at the mention of thy name
Gush forth all unsuppress'd!

I only ask to dream of thee
In silence and in pain—
I hardly wish thy heart to be
Beneath love's thrilling chain!
I would not that for one short hour
Thy spirit's calm should shake,—
The wilder feelings of thy heart
In bitterness awake!

But, oh! by night and day mine ear
Is haunted by thy tone;
It floats in airy music near,
Then leaves me *more alone*—
Alone!—to sigh and weep perchance
O'er what may never be;
Yet, when thou com'st, to meet thy glance
With one as cold and free!

Thou little know'st what storms may rage,
What fears distract the breast,
Whilst all upon life's outward page
Seems peaceful and at rest!
I often smile on thee, and seem
More cold and calm by far,
Than the reflection on that stream
Of yon benignant star

Oh! judge me not!—oh! judge me not!
My heart will cling to thine;
And through a dark and wayward lot,
In sadness still repine!
I will not own it to the world,
I'll smile instead of weep;
But thou art master of its wealth,
The key is thine to keep!

STANZAS.

It is the Spring—I hear its voice, its glad voice in my heart—
It is the Spring—it summons me from this vain world to part!
A little while amidst its flow'rs, its green leaves, I will stay—
A little while—and then, and then, for ever speed away!

I'm weary of the scuffling—the noise, the crowd, the strife,
The tumult of this passing world, its busy, heartless life!
I'm weary of the winter's storms, its chilling, piercing air,
Its clouded skies, that fill the soul with terror and despair!

I have striv'n with my spirit—I have sought to bend it down
In calm and thankfulness, alike to sunshine or to frown;
But a something weighs upon it, a mighty spell of gloom:
I feel there is no rest for me, except beyond the tomb.

Then welcome is the voice of Spring! thrice welcome unto me,
The usherer in of all sweet sounds, on mountain, wood, and lea!
The cheerer of sad human hearts, awakening with its spell
Deep visions of the lov'd and lost—the past, yet beautiful!

Let not an eye be wet for me—let not one heart be sad,
But lay me in my quiet grave whilst Nature's face is glad,
And then plant flow'rs above the spot—flowers I love so well,
But place no stone my spirit's griefs or faded name to tell!

THANKSGIVING FOR HOME.

Thank God, I have a home—beneath whose shade
My footsteps now may stray,
And watch the sun's bright ray
At morn and eve stream o'er each forest glade.

Fresh from the purple heath will blow the breeze,
Laden with gorse perfume,
Into each open room,
And songsters warble in the ancient trees!

Upon the mossy lawn my child may play
As I did years ago,
And on her brow of snow
Sit undisturbèd joy the livelong day!

Rich blessings these that, falling to my share,
Bid my lone heart rejoice,
And with uplifted voice
Return my earnest thanks to God in pray'r!

Through the green groves, at ev'ning's solemn hour,
I now may calmly glide,
Contentment for my guide,
And feeling in my heart her soothing pow'r!

Or rise with early morning to survey
The beauties round me thrown,
The treasures all mine own—
Till Death shall call my spirit far away!

Thrice, blessed home! I sun me in thy smile,
And seem within thy shade
A diffrent being made,
Lighten'd and gladder than I was erewhile!

Oh! may no sorrow darken thy fair face,
Or cloud the sunshine's glow
Which kindles o'er thee now,
But may'st thou prove my last sweet resting-place!

FRAGMENT.

Far, far away! A deep void lies
  Between thy heart and mine,
And no commingling pow'r impels
  My spirit back to thine!
I feel our love was but a dream,
Fleeting, though bright!—a sunset gleam!

Had it been otherwise, no cloud
  Between our faith had pass'd,
Gloomy—destructive—to enshroud
  Hopes destined not to last!
Nor had dark doubt our bosoms sought
Chilling and cank'ring ev'ry thought!

I deem'd thee what the many are—
  A heartless, reckless thing,
With Love's wiles seeking to ensnare,
  And blighting with its wing!
And yet my spirit fancy fired,
Found in thee all the long desired!

I was as some bright butterfly
Of this vain earth to thee,
Chased for awhile, and then cast by,
Not e'en regretfully!
And thou to me wert as a smile
Of April morn—as full of guile!

But years have pass'd since last we met,
And both are wiser now,
Deep lines of sorrow and regret
Are traced upon each brow.
I have lost all my youth, and seem
Like nothing but a bye-gone dream!

Thou art a wanderer as of old,
Seeking content that flies—
Unpurchased e'en by rank or gold,
The good man's richest prize!
Sought for by many, but unfound,
Except on Virtue's sacred ground.

* * * * *

STANZAS.

Rest, struggling spirit, rest! an hour will come
When the dark film will pass from off thy sight,
And a clear vision of thy spirit's home
Fill thy worn heart with rivers of delight!
When all this dreary world's dark skies will fade,
Its griefs and troubles into joy be made!

Would that thy friend—the friend thou lovest best,
Might see with thee this glorious land afar;
And turn from visions of the heart's unrest,
To gaze on themes this world can never mar!
And feel that homeless as we may be here,
It is but for a time—the Summer's near!

The Summer! with its streams, and founts, and flowers,
And gushing songs that through our spirits thrill,
A brighter summer than in earthly bowers,
Our yearning hearts with burning hopes may fill!
Oh! could we ever hear its liquid voice,
We should bear calmly on, and more,—rejoice!

A cloud is in thy heart!—a blighting tone
From bye-gone years floats ever through thy rest;
And a deep yearning for the past and gone,
Forbids thy struggling spirit to be blest.
Still, still its voice—look onward, pause and pray,
Let Hope's sweet sunshine kindle o'er thy way!

Oh! if this life, this dark and troubled life,
With its dread forms, and cold formalities, were all,
What hope would soothe the spirit's inward strife,
What healing balsam o'er our bosoms fall?
Nought could avail us—but we gaze above,
And see afar our future Heav'n of love!

And though thick clouds sweep o'er our darken'd sight,
And sometimes hide this cherish'd home from view,
Yet do the saddest see some flash of light,
To guide them onward, though of fleeting hue!
A gleam that through the stormy scenes below,
Lights up the spirit with its transient glow!

Then let us travel on, with constant gaze,
Uplifted to the starry vaults above,
Praying for light to pierce life's thorny ways,
For light to guide us to the Home we love!
And though the trials of this world are ours,
In meekness waiting for Elysium's bowers!

So shall we rest! and though no earthly crown,
Sparkling with gems, upon our brows be set;
A purer radiance shall be o'er them thrown,
From trusting Faith's celestial coronet!
And a deep peace to our full hearts be given,
Not of this world; but born of God and Heaven!

LOVE ON.

Love on! if still within thy breast
Enough of youth is left—
If this world's storms thy spirit's rest,
Or joy have never reft!
Love on, but loving know
That love, like all below,
Brings grief!

Love on! if change's blighting wing
Has not yet flapp'd so near,
That thou hast felt it o'er thee fling
A sudden doubt or fear!
Love on, but loving know
That love, like all below,
Brings grief!

Love on! if Death from thy embrace
The loved has never torn,
And left thee on this earth's dark face
Restless, and all forlorn!
Love on, but loving know
That love, like all below,
Brings grief!

Love on! and may thy love hours prove
Gladder than mine have been,
And a pure radiance from above
Mantle each future scene!
Love on, but loving know
That love, too oft below,
Brings grief!

Love on! and when thy heart grows chill,
And death dews gather round;
May love divine thy spirit fill,
And its true rest be found!
So loving, may'st thou learn to know,
That love alone, of all bright things below,
Wins Heaven!

AUTUMN.

Pitter-patter on the pane,
Pitter-patter falls the rain,
And my heart feels lonely;
Summer's passing joys have flown,
Autumn comes with gusty moan,
Bringing sadness only!

Autumn, with its yellow leaf,
Many storms and sunshine brief,
How it chills the breast—
Speaks of change, and doubt, and sorrow,
Heir-looms of this world's to-morrow,
And its broken rest!

Little dream we, as the summer,
Bright and beautiful new comer,
Bursts upon our sight,
That its ripening fruits and flow'rs
Lead us on to darker hours—
To a latent blight!

Could some inward voice of warning
Whisper us, through life's sweet morning,
That the end is nigh!
Perhaps our spirits, upwards soaring,
Heaven, not Earth, might live adoring,
Ever homeward fly!

Then the noisy, falling rain
Might pitter-patter on the pane,
Nor vex our sight or ear;
For its voice of change would tell
Of the spirit's glad farewell,
And that sound be dear!

But now it has a mournfulness,
A meaning words cannot express—
A solemn, stricken tone,
Which tells of grief, and pain, and blight—
A worn heart struggling for the light
Where darkness dwells alone!

An earthly nature, bearing still
The weight of ev'ry human ill,
The sport of wind and wave—
And hopeless, hearing words that bless
The soul with dreams of happiness
That lies beyond the grave!

Oh! for a hand to guide me on
To point the path—nor leave alone—
To raise me when I sink—
A voice to cheer me on my way
With kindly tones and soothing lay,
To warn from danger's brink

Alas! that voice is sounding near
Only our hearts refuse to hear—
That saving hand is nigh
We scorn its help—we turn aside
To paths of earthly sin and pride—
Lord! aid us, or we die!

TO MARY.

I LOVED thee, fickle Mary, once,
But now I'll love no more;
And, oh! I was a stupid dunce
To love thee so before!

I cannot think what cloud had pass'd
Before my mental sight,
But even when I saw thee last
I felt a proud delight!

The sparkle of that joyous eye
Attracts th' unheeding throng!
That heart, so full of subtlety,
Will be unveil'd ere long!

That winning smile falls only on
The rich, the great, or gay;
It never deigns to light upon,
Or cheer a humbler way!

Give me the firm in faith—the true,
And not the fickle heart—
Though lovely forms attract the view
Too soon their charms depart!

I seek for some far mightier spell—
The spirit's hidden worth—
The kind, the good, and beautiful,
And tender upon earth!

Oh! give me these—more blessed far
Are they than beauty's light,
And shining, like some guiding star,
To cheer the spirit's night!

And may'st thou, lovely Mary, find,
When Fashion's reign is o'er,
Hearts better suited to thy mind
Than hers who loved of yore!

STANZAS.

How painful is the parting hour—most painful unto me,
For I know not that my vanish'd friends I ever more may see;
And a dark cloud passes o'er my heart as I gaze upon the past,
Remembering that its friendships were never doom'd to last!

I've seen the sunshine clouded of Spring's most glorious sky,
And watch'd the green earth tremble as storms have hover'd by;
I've pictured the destruction a whirlwind's breath can bring,
Blighting and devastating, with ruin on its wing!

I've wander'd through the woods to-day with an unthankful heart,
Full of repinings and despair, at life's too weary part!
Have sigh'd, as erst, in long-flown years, for some kind kindred tone,
The sympathy of loving hearts, which *mine* has never known!

It is a dream—a baneful dream—there is no faith on earth,
No hope—no peace—discordant sounds there are of joy and mirth,
But they are hollow, and each heart has its own tale of woe,
For strife, and bitterness, and pain, we all must undergo!

Then rest thee, spirit, rest thee, nor struggle wildly on,
Love is a dream of vanish'd days—a rainbow glory gone!
Friendship may smile a few short hours, her light will then decline,
And darkest skies, and cloudiest scenes, once more alone be thine!

Close thy sad eyes to earth's delights—they were not
form'd for thee!
Shut thy fond ears to gentle sounds—they never more
may be!
Brace up thy heart, and nerve thy form, alone unlov'd
to tread
Life's thorniest paths—for its brief joys, its spring-day
hours have fled!

Hope not to dwell in any heart—there is no space for
thee,
Thou wert not born to be beloved, oh, tameless soul
and free!
Nought but a passing memory of thee hath ever
lain
In human heart, and where it was, it may not be
again!

I know it, oh! I know it—yet the sunshine makes me
sigh,
And the soft, soft air, and breath of flow'rs that wanders
sweetly by,
Sends back my spirit to the days when Hope at least
was mine,
And wraps it in a soothing dream—I wake but to
repine!

To wander restlessly along, with heavy weary eye,
The gayest and the coldest of this proud world to
defy;
To give back scorn to scornful words—to seem to dwell
apart,
And bury every burning thought deep in my aching
heart!

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Well have ye fought the fight!
On Alma's stormy height,
  Well have ye stemm'd the foe!
Many a noble son
Of sea-girt Albion,
  Welters in blood below!

Many a glorious name
Upholds the British fame,
  And banners proudly wave;
But their red folds flap o'er
Two thousand dead, and more,
  Two thousand of the brave!

Weep for the hearts now cold!
The friends whose bosom hold
  Their memories in woe!
Long may this nation keep
The names of those that sleep
  So gloriously below!

Not Pestilence's power,
Nor Battle's stormiest hour,
  Could quell those noble hearts.
They rush'd to win a name,
Whose guerdon was but fame,
  And well they bore their parts!

Give them a Soldier's rest!
The green earth on their breast,
  No stone to mark the spot;
But by their lonely bier
A broken sword or spear,
  And fame that dieth not!

Give them a Nation's tears!
Honour'd through future years
  Let their great actions be!
And may the Poet's song
Their blood-earn'd name prolong
  To all posterity!

STANZAS.

Weary life—weary life—
Scene of grief and care!
Weary life—weary life—
Who can deem thee fair?

Ev'ry passing day still bringeth
Some new woe or pain,
In mine ear the tumult ringeth
Of strife's jarring strain!

Weary life—weary life—
Would that thou wert o'er!
Weary life—weary life—
Then I'd sigh no more.

Death's sweet vapour o'er me stealing,
Should my sense entrance,
Brightest homes of bliss revealing
To my raptur'd glance!

Weary life—weary life—
Would that we could part;
Weary life—weary life—
Die within my heart!

Die, that I may yet awaken
To some happy day,
And that from me may be shaken
All earth's blights away!

Weary life—weary life—
Thou hast lessons keen;
Weary life—weary life—
Which we all have seen!

Lessons galling to the feelings
Of unhumbled pride,
But which, in their stern revealings,
Turn from sin aside!

Weary life—weary life—
Soon thy day is sped;
Weary life—weary life—
Hast'ning to the dead!

To the distant unconsider'd,
To the everlasting shore,
Where our footsteps, all unhinder'd,
Wander on for evermore!

Weary life—weary life—
When thy race is past,
May our heavy hearts rejoice
In happiness at last!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

Thou'rt pass'd away, and thy gentle smile
Will never light my heart;
Thou'rt pass'd away! and I weep the while,
Though I know how glad thou art!
My selfish sorrow I cannot still
When I think that thou art not—
Though 'scaped from this troubled world of ill
To a brighter, blessed lot!

Gently on heav'n's delicious strand
The rippling wavelets flow,
And thy little bark has reach'd the land
Where never a storm may blow.
There safely anchor'd—at rest—at rest—
Thou waitest the loved ones here,
And soon to the spheres of the freed and blest
May they pass from the cloud and tear!

I see thee not in thy cold, pale sleep,
With the strife upon thy brow—
I see thee not, but I hear them weep,
And join them, I know not how!
The mournful wail from the darken'd room
Rises where hymns should sound,
And triumph's light, in the place of gloom,
On each aching brow be found!

Th ou'rt pass'd away! and the world's cold breath
Can never harm thee now;
Crown'd with the conqueror's fadeless wreath,
On thy bright immortal brow!
Starlike thine eyes from the skies above
Will glimmer on my heart,
Sweetly thy voice in each whisp'ring grove
Seems calling me to part!

Oh, my beloved! thy far-off home
I'll struggle through grief to win,
And when to its golden gates I come
May my spirit enter in!
May thy gentle hand be the first to press,
And thine angel voice to cheer
The ransom'd spirit in loneliness
Passing away from here!

TO JESSIE.

Over the deep—afar and away
Thy loved one is gone,
Thou hearest his voice in the soft wind's play,
When evening comes on.
The stars as they shine down from sadness seem dim,
But remember—their beams shed a light over him!

When thou art slumb'ring, he is awake,
On the dark ocean keeping
Watch, lest the foe or the tempest shake
His bark, o'er the wild waves sweeping.
And when for an hour he lays down his head,
In fancy he sees thee stand close to his bed!

The winds and the waters are nothing,
Nor heeds he the tempest's roar,
For long used to the storm and roughing,
He dreadeth its pow'r no more!
All that he heareth is Hope's sweet strain,
Telling that shortly he'll see thee again!

Hold up thy head, and look calmly out
On the soft summer air;
Smell the sweet flowers, and walk about
As though thou hadst no care.
He whom thou lovest will quickly come
Back o'er the deep to his wife and home!

Sad was the parting, and bitter the fear
When the farewell was spoke;
Fast in each dim eye did gather the tear
As each from the other broke.
But think what the rapturous hour will be,
When from the deep he returneth to thee!

STANZAS.

Soon, soon I must depart,
  Soon, soon the hand of Death
Will chill this aching heart—
  Will still my heaving breath!

And this world's airy toys
  And fleeting scenes will be
But as the transient joys
  Of vanish'd years to me!

Friends, friends! ye must not weep
  For her who's gone to rest,
Nor let one sad thought keep
  Dark vigil in your breast!

I would not linger on
  In this dull fading sphere,
I long to be at home
  Beyond the cloud and fear!

Beyond the shafts of sin,
The terrors and remorse,
All of which enter in
Upon our earthly course!

I care not now to linger
Beyond a little time,
I long to trace the finger
That points my life's decline!

A few more hours of weariness,
A few more days of pain,
A few more burning griefs that press
Like arrows in my brain!

Some parting struggles! then, oh then,
My joyous soul will pass
In rapturous quickness like the stain
Of breath from off a glass!

And darkness kindling into day,
And storms to calmness driven,
This earthly life will pass away,
To re-awake in Heav'n!

HYMN.

Could I but serve thee, Lord, aright,
Life's stormy hours to me
Would seem with Heav'n's own sunshine bright,
And sweet tranquillity!
No blighting cares would then oppress,
No gloomy doubts or dread,
Grief's thorny crown would lightly press
Upon my suff'ring head!

But now I seek thy face in vain
And list thy voice with fear!
Bow'd down by this world's with'ring chain,
Pierced by its sharpest spear!
Sadly I lift my wand'ring eye
To thy far realms of love;
Each hour my heart more mournfully
Pines for its home above!

And yet I come not near to thee,
Or why this burning tear?
This spirit of despondency,
This earth-born dread and fear!
Let thy calm faith my bosom fill
Thy quenchless peace be given,
Thy conq'ring power o'er grief and ill
Which lifts the soul to Heav'n!

And, oh! for that meek trust in thee
Which fill'd thy saints of yore,
Untiring love and charity,
All holy gifts before!
May I, my God, before thy shrine
Lay every earthly care,
Then hush'd and sanctified be mine,
Thy dearest blessings there!

Upon my onward path, thy smile
Could I in brightness see,
To cheer my lonely heart awhile
I could come nearer thee!
Oh! for one moment, bid it shine
Into my spirit's deep,
Then, Lord, I will no more repine,
But in its shadow keep!

It will not be for long: this life
  Is ebbing fast away;
And coming sounds of war and strife
  Proclaim the world's decay!
Then let us nestle on thy breast,
  And fix our hearts on thee,
Our future home of joy and rest,
  Throughout Eternity!

CHEER UP.

Cheer up!—full many a sorrow
Gloomy shades may throw
O'er thy young heart's sad to-morrow,
Haunt thy soul with woe!
But *remember* there is brightness
In the distant west;
Hope, to fill thee with her lightness,
Dreams of future rest!

What thou hast not here, will greet thee
On Heav'n's better shore,—
Long-lost friends in rapture meet thee
There, to part no more!
Eyes that fill thee now with sadness—
Voices loved, whose strain
Never may enhance thy gladness—
There, shall charm again!

Thou hast but thine eye to steady
On the setting sun;
Bearing up with grief, and ready
Earth's dark course to run!
Courage, pilgrim! onward pressing,
Forward to the goal,
There is all that's worth possessing—
There, thy spirit's whole!

What is life?—a star that's falling
From the winter's sky;
Scenes it has, our hearts appalling,
But they too must fly!
Bitter are its moments—often
Bowing down with dread—
But a bright hope comes to soften
Hours whose light has fled!

What if thou wert here possessing
All thy spirit sought?
Every wish'd-for joy and blessing
Granted at thy thought!
Thou wouldst weary of the pleasure,
Pine for bliss unknown,
And upon thy boasted treasure
Earth's dull hues be thrown!

Now, thou canst await the breaking
Of Heav'n's brighter day,
From thy weary spirit shaking
Earthliness away!
Feeling that its blessed dawning
On thy soul will shine,
With an even brighter morning
Than our hearts divine!

So cheer up! the grave will bring thee
All thy long'd-for rest,
And thy heart's beloved greet thee
'Mongst the happy blest!
Sever'd ties on earth, and shaken,
There will be rebound,
And thy blessed spirit waken
To a bliss profound!

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE TAX-GATHERER COMING.

Oh! those yellow gaiters!
Those horrid, horrid things!
I tremble when I see them,
And wish that I had wings.
That far away from taxes
Myself I might convey;
And send the Gath'rers word to come
For cash another day!

Oh! those yellow gaiters!
They always curse my sight,
When money is a little scarce,
Or purses empty quite!
I vow it is a horrid shame,
That we should have to pay,
For wars which tarnish England's name,
Instead of twining Bay!

If things were better managed,
I would not be so cross;
But all our money's cabbaged,
And then we hear of loss.
Loss of our soldiers, bless them!
Loss of our sailors too!
And all because our Parliament
Is never made to rue!

A set of stupid asses!
I cannot bear the thought
Of the mischief they have done,
The folly they have wrought!
A few old women muster'd
Would have more sense than they;
They care not how they blunder,
As long as we can pay!

Then a groan for the taxation!
Till something better's done,
Till leaders with a little brain
Are singled one by one!
And some great mind commands us,
If one may yet be found,
And leads our armies forth once more
To be with glory crown'd!

Then the old yellow gaiters
Will be welcomer to me—
And I'll count the guineas down
With gladness in mine ee!
And a thankful feeling in my heart,
That from my little store
I still may add my mite to help
Old England evermore!

THE LONELY HEART.

Lady, why weep'st thou? on that fair brow
Why resteth the cloud of sorrow now?
Surely around thee the world is fair,
And bright things scatter'd everywhere.
Whence is thy deep grief, and what the spell
That causeth such anguish with thee to dwell?

The past has the pow'r to bid me mourn,
I weep for days that may not return!
For the lost love which no more is mine;
For friendships hurrying to decline;
For the voice which will never thrill mine ear,
Though its tones be still to memory dear!

Oh! the bright hopes of my vanish'd youth!
Oh! the false tones that appear'd like truth!
The radiant eyes that upon me shone,
Filling with gladness, to leave more lone.
Could I recall them—but, no, for me
Joy has departed, and grief must be!

Ask me not why I am weeping now,—
Storms have swept over my youthful brow!
Thorns have been scatter'd around my way,
Suns have been darken'd and terror had sway;
Tempests of sorrow their spray-drops dashed,
And my troubled heart into anguish lash'd!

Some there are, even in this dark sphere,
To whom there cometh nor cloud nor tear;
With the dear friends of their youth they dwell,
And bid not to love a sad farewell!
Down the smooth river of life they glide,
With their heart's chosen one side by side!

Grief has no power over them to cast
One mournful shadow from present or past;
Calmly as though in Eden's bowers
Their footsteps stray through a land of flow'rs,
On to the banks of the unknown shore,
There, too, to sojourn for evermore!

But for me—for me, it has not been so,
A few months only, my sun might glow,
And then so clouded by grief and care
That it shed no warmth on the chilly air!
The flower of Hope was scarce open'd, when
A cloud pass'd over its glory again!

Now, to the future I turn with dread,
Love has long vanish'd, and friendship fled.
Coldness and blight in my heart must dwell,
Till to this dark earth I bid farewell!
Then, may I trust on Joy's wings to soar
Forth to Heav'n's mansions, and sigh no more!

There the forgotten on earth will bloom,
The wither'd rose shed its sweet perfume;
The fainting heart be with joy upborne,
And each thought of grief from the bosom torn.
Change will not darken, but sweet peace shed
Its genial warmth o'er each heart and head!

DIRGE.

Hush, oh hush, and lay her down,
This is now her place of rest,
Where the worldling's scornful frown,
Ne'er shall trouble her meek breast!
Where the woes of earth are o'er,
And its thorns can smite no more!

Bring the early flow'rs of spring,
Those she priz'd and lov'd so well—
Let the wood-birds o'er her sing
Their soft sorrowful farewell!
Bid the trees their young leaves shed
O'er her low and grassy bed.

In the long and solemn sleep
Of death she resteth now—
Those who lov'd her vainly weep,
And sigh and murmur low.
She, the freed one, may not come,
From her last and narrow home.

Whilst on earth her spirit struggled
With despair and pain;
Brief was pleasure's passing hour,
Lasting sorrow's reign!
Now her weary race is run,
And her crown of glory won!

Whisperers still may tell the story
Of her blighted name,
But their envious tales no longer
May the pure defame!
They would gladly reach that shore
Where she dwelleth evermore!

But to God's eternal mansions
Sland'rers may not go,
Though the martyr's pray'r may bless them
From the depths of woe!
Heav'n no pardon has for those
Who no penitence disclose!

Strew the earth above her lightly,
And lay the green sod down,
Then place upon her quiet breast
The lovely myrtle crown.
Kneel a moment; kneel, and pray
God may guide ye on your way!

STANZAS.

Not for long—not for long!
Such my spirit's pray'r:
Not for long—not for long,
In this world of care.

Darkest clouds are gath'ring
O'er my lonely heart,
All that's brightest with'ring,
And I must depart.

Trial and temptation!
Nothing else is nigh;
Oh, my God! in mercy
Bid my spirit fly.

Let these hours of sickness
And confusing pain
Be the last I witness;
Let my death be gain!

Yet, my God, I would not
  Set my will 'gainst Thine,
Or murmur at a lot
  Ordain'd by Thee for mine

Give me strength to bear up,
  Give me patience still,
Let me drink the bitter cup
  Of earthly pain and ill!

Let me watch and linger;
  Fit my soul by pray'r
For that home which glimmers
  Through life's misty air!

Storm and darkness passing,
  Rest will come at last,
And this scene of trouble
  Be *for ever* past!

ON THE GUARDS LEAVING ENGLAND FOR THE EAST.

Go forth, ye brave and true!
Forth from old England's strand,
Borne o'er the ocean blue
To Turkey's distant land.
Dark are the homes where late
Your gladsome footsteps moved,
And many a heart now desolate
Yearns for its fondly loved!

Yet stern resolve is seen
Upon each manly brow—
High courage, lofty theme,
Upholds each spirit now!
And though full many a heart
With farewell thoughts is riven,
Yet bravely all depart,
And strength to each is given!

Forth to the wars they speed,
To the battle's fearful strife,
To honour for some glorious deed,
Or else to yield up life!
Danger, and death, and suffering,
And capture will they dare,
So long as with the conquering
Their names are echoed there!

A cheer for England's sons!—a cheer!
Piercing the stormy sky,
Louder, yet louder, for no fear
Or falt'ring we descry!
And ev'ry man feels proudly,
As from the thronged shore
The cheers uprise more loudly,
From true hearts running o'er!

Fast glides the vessel on her way,
And parting tears must flow,
But never did the salt wind play
O'er a more goodly show
Than our brave soldiers, as they stood
And waved the parting hand,
As each, with firm, unconquer'd mood,
Bade farewell to the land.

And farewell to the hopes of youth,
The love of early days,
The home of innocence and truth,
Where happy childhood plays;
No more they 'll claim their thoughts, for now
Another path is given!
Where glory's laurels wreath the brow,
And Fame's the Hero's heaven!

THE DREAM.

We are not doom'd to meet again, a gulf between us lies,
And vainly still to pierce its depths my struggling spirit tries;
Amidst the throng that press around, I seek thy vanish'd form,
But never more may happiness my aching bosom warm!

Long years of cold forgetfulness between us, too, have pass'd,
Long years of misery for me—each longer than the last;
And yet the distant happy days when first we met return,
And with undying splendour in my heart's caverns burn!

I had a dream of thee last night; a sad and painful
dream,
And still I feel oppress'd by it—thy marriage was the
theme!
I fancied thou wast wedded, and though the maid was
fair,
I felt thy heart, thy proud young heart, was not con-
centred there!

For I know its Idol must be pure, and good, and kind,
and true,
And gentle as the fairest flower that erst in Eden
grew.
Perfect in all—in form and face—and more than that,
in heart,
Or else thy kindling love for her would soon in smoke
depart!

Thy mind has a peculiar turn—I think I know it
well,
I ought to—though the ins and outs of man's heart
who can tell?
Thou hast been tried by this world's storms, hast known
its good and ill,
And happy is that faithful heart to whom thou clingest
still

How strange this dream should haunt me so—I would
give worlds to see
Some friend of thine to ease my heart about thy fate
and thee;
And yet I dare not breathe thy name into a careless
ear,
It is too sacred, prized too well, for stranger forms to
hear!

I know we shall not meet again—we've parted, and for
aye—
Yet a shadow from the blissful past will o'er my spirit
stray;
And I turn from scenes which now I tread with sad and
musing eye,
And raise it where my hopes are flown, up to the azure
sky!

I wonder where thou'rt wand'ring now; I long to trace
thy path,
E'en though it lead my footsteps on, where peace no
portion hath.
Methinks to see thee smile once more, and hear thy
kindly voice,
Would be such bliss, that evermore my sad heart would
rejoice!

And the strifes, the cares, and tumults of this passing
world would seem
But as some frightful meteor-light to cloud my spirit's
dream.
The sapphire skies of thankfulness would still un-
darken'd glow,
And mem'ry's sunshine softly stream o'er all my path
below!

THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

How gallantly, how gallantly, our Guardsmen bore that day,
And stemm'd the overflowing tide of Russians in the fray!
The fierce barbarians muster'd in tens of thousands there,
And fatal was th' artillery's fire that blacken'd all the air.

Yet on they moved, and gloriously they charged upon the foe,
Now beaten back—now rushing on—hundreds by Death laid low.
A fearful force that on them press'd, a fearful havoc made,
Yet fought they still, and bore the shock of thousands undismay'd!

Oh! glory on that little band! Oh! glory on their dead!
And honour on the many wounds at Inkerman that bled!
And praises to the gallant ones that now survive the fray,
And may they reap the bright reward of all their work that day!

The savage hordes still on them press'd, and beat them from the ground,
No help arrived—no succour came, yet muster'd they around.
And one and all determined that they must die, not yield,
So with a stern resolve they kept possession of the field!

Fresh troops arrived at last, and then, with one triumphant cheer,
The Guardsmen onward rush'd again 'gainst sword, and lance, and spear!
No time to load their arms was giv'n, so seizing lumps of stone,
They hurl'd them on the Russian ranks, which soon were overthrown!

Oh! fatal was that day for them! more fatal for the foe,
Who thousands left of dead and maim'd upon the field below!
They felt the force of British arms, the Frenchmen's fire and zeal,
And honour to our brave allies, and thanks we all must feel!

For hours the battle fiercely sped; for hours the strife bore on,
But gradually the Russian troops gave way, one after one.
Then they retreated from the field, and left us conquering still!
Alas! for our brave dead that lay in heaps on field and hill!

The hearts that beat so proudly once shall never throb again,
The voices now are still'd that cheer'd the battle trumpet's strain:
And many a noble form and loved, lies on the reeking sod,
His angry spirit gone to seek a blood-avenging God!

Oh, Inkerman! oh, Inkerman! on thy victorious plain
The hope of many an anxious heart now lies amongst the slain!
And timid prayers are rising up, and tender thoughts are giv'n,
To those who sleep their gory sleep beneath thy stormy heaven!

But the red blood, in torrents pour'd, shall strengthen for the fight,
And Russian tyrants feel once more the British Lion' might!
And our brave troops with conquest fired spread far, and wide, and near
The well-earn'd fame that crowns the name of every Soldier here!

Dec. 14, 1854.

TO MRS. EDMUND HEATHCOTE.

And thou art gone—and from my path
Another light has fled;
Dark frowns the tempest in its wrath,
And clouds are overhead.
Few were the flowers that deck'd my way,
But they are faded now,
And memory with her hateful ray
Shines sad upon my brow!

'Twas sweet to hear that gentle tone
At eve rise soft and clear,
Singing the songs of hours long flown,
My aching heart to cheer!
At morning thy bright cheerful smile
Its glowing radiance shed,
And cast a sunshine for a while,
E'en o'er my drooping head

But now that voice is hush'd and gone,
Its echo only rests,
With sorrow's deeply thrilling tone,
Within our mournful breasts;
And that sweet smile, like some gay dream
That haunts us in our sleep,
Pass'd quickly from life's turbid stream,
And left us all to weep!

Perchance we soon may meet again;
If not, I'll think of thee
With the dear love thy cherish'd strain
Has gifted unto me.
I'll pray that o'er thy truthful heart
No worldly shades may come,
Nor ever from its depths depart
The light of days now gone!

And now farewell! dark o'er the sky
The clouds of ev'ning fall,
The night wind's singing mournfully,
And darkness covers all.
With the beloved of thy soul
Thou sittest gladly now;
May Joy's full torrent o'er thee roll,
And lave thy heart and brow!

And never may Care's rough hand press
That young and gentle form,
Or rob it of its loveliness,
As doth Time's wintry storm!
But may thy sun sink calmly down
Upon a bed of flowers,
And lasting peace and pleasure crown
Thy life's sweet evening hours!

"I HOPE YOU MAY NEVER COME BACK AGAIN."

"I HOPE you may never come back again:"
Oh! joyful wish for me!
For I would to Heav'n from this world of pain
I might swiftly, brightly flee.
I should leave behind not a single heart
That would sorrow o'er my doom,
And my own dark griefs would all depart,
Or wither in the tomb!

"I hope you may never come back again"—
These words ring in mine ear,
But they bring my spirit no visions vain,
Or spectral forms of fear!
They coldly fall on my languid heart
With a dreamy, cheerless spell;
For I know that I bear life's painful part
Unloving—unloved—too well!

"I hope you may never come back again;"
Oh! on some future day
Methinks these words will thrill your brain
When life ebbs fast away.
And the hues of health from my face have pass'd,
And my voice is weak and thin,
And you fancy you see the conflict last
With the conqu'ror Death begin!

"I hope you may never come back again;"
No, not to this world of woe,—
To its wintry storms and its struggles vain
That rend the spirit so.
Farewell! farewell! for your wishes bear
My freeborn fancy far,
And future worlds I fain would dare
To be where my loved ones are!

TO JOHNNIE.

In the place of mother, Johnnie,
I was giv'n to thee—
In the place of mother, Johnnie,
I will ever be!
Yes, despite the world's dread slander,
And its chilling scorn,
Think not that its voice shall make me
Leave thee sad and lorn!

No! for Heav'n's above us, Johnnie,
And that Heav'n can see
If there's aught of wrong, Johnnie,
In my love for thee!—
If it is not pure and tender,
Sanctified by grief,
Struggling evermore to render
Thy sad heart relief!

Cruel worldlings scorn me, Johnnie,
Lying slanders raise,
But their condemnation, Johnnie,
Almost seems like praise:
For our Saviour plainly tells us
The world loves its own,
And that we must sever from it,
And serve Him alone!

I have chosen out my pathway,
Thorny though it be,
And I trust that God, my Father,
Still may comfort me!
That He'll take my hand, and lead me
Safely, calmly on,
Though the fiercest storms be raging
My poor head upon!

All I sigh for now, dear Johnnie,
Is that I may be,
Through my self-sacrifice, the means
Of lasting good to thee.
That some stray word or act of mine
Might lift thy soul to Heav'n!
Then were my trials blest indeed,
And earthly wrongs forgiven!

THE DOUBLE CUT.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. E—E H—E.

Walking one day upon the road,
A female form I spied,
Some friend of Mrs. Bannering's,
I to my sister cried!
When suddenly the lady fair
Stepp'd on as if to see
Who in the name of wonder there
Unknown to her could be!

No sooner did she catch a view,
Than with a furious face
She turn'd her back and down-hill flew
At a tremendous pace!
A gallant sailor by her side
Her escort was that day,
And putting on his fastest stride
They got out of our way!

Then turning in a cottage gate,
Thought they were safe and sound ;
But, no ! said I, we'll bid them wait,
Or make a longer round.
So walking up the hill again,
We waited calmly there,
Determined should we meet with them,
To have a pretty stare !

Nor long our wishes were in vain,
For soon the pair we spied,
Making an effort once again
To mount that same hill side !
When, luckless wights, they saw that they
Must pass, or take to flight,
So, meaning cut to us they say,
They *cut* themselves in fright !

And straightway to a school-house rush'd,
And enter'd safely in,
Heated and angry, and all flush'd,
The friendly walls within.
And there the gallant sailor kept
An anxious vigil too,
Nor dar'd they stir until our backs
They safely had in view !

Then once more to their heels they took,
Retracing all their route,
And giving now and then a look
As fearful of pursuit!
Poor things! it *cut* us quite to see
How frighten'd they became,
And how they could not look at me
For very fear and shame!

Straight o'er the fields, through mud and mire,
Their weary way they took,
To get safe home, their chief desire,
O'er fallow, hedge, and brook!
There once again both safe and sound,
Give to their venom vent,
And whisp'ring ugly slanders round,
Find peace and sweet content!

THINK OF ME NOT.

THINK of me not—let memory sleep
O'er all the gloomy past,
And only in thy spirit keep
The ties that bind thee fast!

Bid the bright present o'er thee float
With many a joyous strain,
And let no well-remember'd note
From distance, come again!

Smother all thoughts of vanish'd hours,
And hush regret's sad tone,
Enough for thee that sun and flowers
Across thy path are thrown!

What heedest thou the lonely lot
Of one well loved of yore?
The heart's still grief will harm thee not,
Or cloud thy spirit o'er!

The friends that were are nothing now,
New stars have risen bright,
They shed their radiance o'er thy brow,
And in thy heart their light.

And other softer tones have breathed
Their music on thine ear,
And smiles more lovingly have wreathed,
And brighter forms are near.

Think of me not—or if a thought
In some dark hour must come,
Let it with other worlds be fraught,
And not this earthly one!

Think of me, as of some bright thing
Gone to its rest away,
Whom earthly cares no more may sting,
Or pain, or dark decay!

Or if this troubled world should still
My wand'ring spirit claim,
To linger on through grief and ill,
With blighted heart and name;

Think of me gently, and may thought
Her mystic influence lend,
And with some sweet delusion wrought
Unite us friend to friend!

DREAM ON.

Dream on, dream on, thou sorrowing one,
For o'er thy pensive head
Time slowly passes; though for some
Too soon its hours have fled!
Leaves are falling fast around thee,
Summer's breath has flown,
And the forest trees seem mourning
For their brightness gone!

Cold and dismal are the long nights,
Dark the wintry day,
Fires have little power to cheer thee
With their kindling ray.
They may warm thee, but thy spirit
Frozen seems within,
And the lightness of past moments
Makes the present dim.

For a moment may the sunbeam
Banish thoughts of care—
But a moment!—ere it passeth
From the icy air!
And the heavy heart within thee
Sinketh as it flies,
And disturbs itself by gazing
On the darken'd skies!

Oh! those clouds are black and dismal,
Frowning on thee now,
Threat'ning to discharge their thunders
On the world below.
Could we only gaze beyond them,
See the floods of light,
That, alas! must still be hidden
From our anxious sight!

Could our spirits, mounting upwards
From the cares of life,
See the promised land outstretching
With enchantments rife!
Could they only, 'midst the troubles
Which depress them here,
Realise the happy moments
That await them there!

Then, methinks, they'd rise triumphant,
'Spite of grief and pain,
Ever in the darken'd distance
Seeing light again ;
And the thunder clouds of sorrow
Rolling o'er their path,
Leave a hope of brighter morrow,
Through the tempest's wrath !

PLAIN TRUTHS.

Who sighs for Fortune's favour?
Who longs for courtly smile?
Go forth, and seek to win it,
With hopeful heart awhile!

Ensign! go plant the standard
Upon the fortress wall,
Almost unaided gain the breach,
Then press'd and wounded fall!

Private! all dangers daring,
Do deeds that cry for fame,
And pressing bravely onward,
Win thee a Hero's name!

Sailor! with dauntless courage
Fight upon sea or shore,
And foremost still in duty's path
Let Hope run brimming o'er!

England has many a guerdon
For noble hearts like yours:
Well she repayeth those that fight
So bravely in her cause!

Fetch me the *Times* newspaper,
And search through the Gazette;
Surely that wounded Ensign
Some rich reward hath met!

Surely his name, though humble,
Cannot be overlook'd;
How many noble ones I see
For future honours book'd!

And Private Smith, what now of him?
His wonderful career
Won plaudits from all honest men—
He's well reported here!

The medals hang upon his breast,
With wounds so lately riven—
Guerdon for blood so freely spilt,
And strength so bravely given!

Oh, England! England! noble hearts
Their best life-blood have shed,
And many a hero lieth now
Within his gory bed!

Sadly the lonely widow weeps
In solitude and pain,
For the beloved of her heart
She'll never see again!

And Mothers o'er their wounded sons,—
Unfit for future toil,
Come from War's strifes and turmoils back
Unto their native soil!—

Shed mournful tears; for well they know
Glory's an empty sound,
That honours and rewards alone
Upon the great abound!

And shame it is that noble deeds,
If done by lowly name,
Not even meet the recompense
Or bright award of Fame!

And shame that England's sons should shed
Their best blood in her cause,
And still unguerdon'd sink to rest,
A stain on all her laws!

Whilst noble names rise higher still,
For deeds unconscious done,
And all that England's wealth can give
Bestow'd where seldom won!

THE PRESENT, FUTURE, AND PAST.

Present! thou art cold and dreary,
Full of strife and storms that weary;
Sad forebodings, thoughts of care,
Troubles springing everywhere,
Angry partings, mournful sighs,
Sorrowing hearts, and tearful eyes!—
Thou hast not one charm for me,
Would that I could fly from thee!

Future! what hast thou in keeping?
Clouds are darkly o'er thee sweeping!
Hopelessly my gaze I'm turning,
Where thy distant star is burning,
But I cannot wake one spell
From its silent oracle!
Hast thou joy or grief in store,
Summer's smiles or winter's roar!

May I hope that present sorrow
Shall awake to brighter morrow?
May I trust that hearts long changing
Soon shall cease their endless ranging;
That the smiles long pass'd away
Shall beam upon some coming day,
And true heart happiness be given,
With joy and peace, bright gifts from Heaven?

Or must I linger on, without
One gladsome hope, in endless doubt?
Still pining for the fancied breeze
That wafts Joy's bark along Life's seas,
And hearing only on the air
The mournful wail of dark Despair?
Oh! lift thy veil, and on me show'r
Some promise of a brighter hour!

Stern Past! to thy funereal urn
Full oft my shadowy thoughts I turn.
Forms of the loved are buried there,
Dreams that were only far too fair!
Hopes that awaken'd for awhile,
And seem'd o'er my early path to smile;
But which pass'd away like a summer breath,
And wrapp'd them up in thy mantle, Death!

My only joy is to dwell with thee,
A watcher around thy grave to be!
In the calm moonlight I seem to hear
Voices that once to my heart were dear.
Faintly they float on the wintry breeze,
And die away 'mongst the forest trees!
But their echoes wake in my lonely heart,
Whence the cherish'd past may ne'er depart!

WHAT HAS CHANGED THEE?

What has chang'd thee? Have the whispers
Secret foes have breathed,
With their stock of lying slanders
Cunningly enwreathed!

Could the false world's blighting shadow
Falling on me now,
Make thee deem my heart was alter'd,
Or less pure my brow?

Do they love the good and simple,
They, that seek to rend
The sympathies of loving hearts
Sev'ring friend from friend!

Do they know me? Ask thy spirit
Once so knit to mine,
Could I do what they have whisper'd,
Answer, heart of thine!

Fancied friendship made me trust thee,
Though we never met,
And made me deem thy prized esteem
Would break their shallow net.

That their words of cruel mischief,
Scatter'd on the wind,
In thy heart no place of shelter
Would a moment find!

But, alas! the bright dream's vanish'd,
And I know thee now:
Has that knowledge cast a shadow
On my blighted brow?

No! for earthly hopes no longer
Thrill within my heart,
In another better mansion
I may still have part!

There, the false tongues that have wrong'd me
Will be hush'd and still;
There the poison'd shafts of mischief
Never more may thrill!

Oh! that thou hadst but believed me,
As in days of yore;
And hadst cast their venom from thee
As thou didst before!

On life's steep and thorny pathway
I must travel still,
There's a heav'nly hope within me
Earth can never chill!

When this world's cold weary journey
Draweth to its close,
Still its radiant light will cheer me
To my last repose.

Where the storms of life no longer
Mantle o'er the breast,
But a sweet and perfect slumber
Wraps us in its rest!

ON HEARING OF THE SEVERE ILLNESS OF MY DEAR BROTHER.

Sorrow's spells once more are dark'ning
O'er my troubled way,
And the form of Death appals me,
Snatching friends away!
To the bedside of a Brother
I must hasten now,
See its icy hand upon him,
Kiss his pallid brow!

Oh! that waves did not divide us!
And, oh, that I could flee
As quick as thought to the sad spot
Where I so long to be!
But, no! long weary hours must pass
Before we meet again;
Perhaps the fainting soul have flown
From scenes of care and pain!

Couldst thou not, stern Death, have left us,
One we loved so well,
'Tis early that thou call'st him hence
To bid to Earth farewell!
O'er his young heart no sunny ray
Has yet in life been shed,
Leav'st thou not those that sorrow loves?
Let me, then, join the dead!

I have been mourning from my youth,
Been seeking out for thee,
In summer's bloom, in winter's storms,
Why com'st thou not for me?
So loved an off'ring on thy shrine
'Twere hard indeed to lay;
He is the hope of many a heart:
Oh! call him not away!

Is his time come, and must he go?
We yield him then to thee:
Close thou the eyes with weeping red,
That I may never see!
Smooth thou the path o'er that dark stream
That leads to happier shore,
Still thou his sorrows and his pains
For ever evermore!

'Tis well, 'tis well! all hope has pass'd,
All light from earthly sky!
The sunshine darker grows of life,
And storms come quickly by!
But through their gloom one pale star gleams,
And sounds a heav'nly strain,
Which tells me that, though parted now,
We soon shall meet again!

ON H.M.S. "ARCHER" LEAVING FOR THE BALTIC, MARCH, 1855.

Speed thee on, thou gallant "Archer,"
Speed thee o'er the wave,
With thy loved and honour'd Captain,
Good as he is brave!

Though the storm winds swell thy Canvass,
Thou shalt meet no ill,
For our prayers shall be thy safeguard,
Mounting upward still!

Go! and from the Baltic bring thee
Fortune's favours back,
May the smiles of Heav'n descending
Follow on thy track!

Have no fear for her thou leavest,
She shall be my care,
I will soothe her aching spirit
From its sad despair!

Dreaming blissful dreams of future,
We will calmly roam,
Wait the Autumn breeze that brings thee
Back unto thy home!

Then the smiles of her we love so
Once again shall beam,
And a full and perfect sunshine
O'er her pathway stream!

Now, farewell! thou gallant "Archer,"
With thy Captain brave,
And may thy course be prosperous
Across the Baltic wave!

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF LORD FREDERICK FITZ-CLARENCE.

A FUNERAL strain falls on my ear,
And fills my heart with woe,
For the gallant and beloved is here
By Death's stern hand laid low!
Little remaineth now of one
Whose smile lit ev'ry heart,
His course in this dark world is done,
And well he play'd his part!

No kinder spirit ever dwelt
Within a mortal frame,
And sadly must his loss be felt
By all who loved his name;
Never again his place be fill'd—
A vacuum long will rest—
A yearning grief, unsooth'd, unstill'd,
In every aching breast!

False world! with slander ever rife!
Breathe not his cherish'd name,
Go! blot some other guiltless life,
But shield the dead from blame!
Let his faults rest within the tomb,
And from its quiet sleep
Wake not one memory of gloom
To bid his mourners weep!

Ask of his friends—they best can tell
His worth that lies below;
Ask of the many hearts that swell
With deep and hopeless woe!
A smile like his will never fill
My weary heart again,
Nor voice so sweet its tumults still,
Seeking to soothe my pain!

'Midst this world's throng of bright and gay
He stood the King of all,
And from his eye a regal ray
Seem'd on the crowd to fall:
A step of conscious dignity,
A brow so calm and fair,
Oh! that it yet might shine on me,
And soothe my soul's despair!

I loved him, as a child might love,
And reverenc'd his name—
Look'd up to him, as far above
All who in contact came!—
Felt his soul's worth—and mourn'd him low,
As few have mourn'd him yet;
Would I could chase his mem'ry now,
And evermore forget!

But, no! the stream of life may roll
In darkness, sadness on—
Remembrance still must haunt my soul
Of days of pleasure gone!
The mem'ry of my only friend
Will still undying keep
Its mournful place, till Life shall end
In Death's consoling sleep!

THE WARNING.

Hark! Mother, hark! dost thou hear that knock?
'Tis a summons that comes for me,
And round me is floating a warning note,
That may not be heard by thee!

'Tis the call of Death—in the still, calm night
The beat of his footsteps I hear,
And nearer and nearer his measured tread
Comes full on my listening ear!

What though the sound of his nearing step
The feeble pulses may thrill?
And what though the touch of his icy hand
The warm life blood shall chill!

His shadow falls dark on the threshold now,
But he brings to my soul no dread;
And his flint-cold bosom ere morning's light
Shall pillow my weary head!

And when from his cold embrace I wake,
'Twill be in a land of light,
Where sobbings, and sighings, and grief cannot come,
But all be most fair and bright!

There, the glow which now fades from my dying cheek
More brightly than ever shall shine,
And a light far more brilliant than e'er has beam'd
Shall beam from these eyes of mine!

Oh! Mother, weep not, for this earth is drear,
And my path deep with thorns was set,
And ever, and ever the bleeding wounds
With sad tears did my eyelids wet.

For thy dear coming to that bright land
My soul on the watch shall be,
For sooner or later the messenger Death
Thy summons shall bring to thee!

Hark! Mother, listen! his knock again!
His breath freezes life's last glow,
But his touch may not stay my glad spirit's flight:
Mother, I go, I go!

IDLE TEARS.

Idle tears, I bid ye vanish,
  Ye but dim my sight,
And would keep my eyes from seeing
  Hope's bright ray of light!

Do ye fall that Truth replaces
  Fiction's youthful dream,
And that storm-winds now have ruffled
  Life's once placid stream?

Can ye still the troubled waters?
  The bright dream recall?
If ye could, *then* would I bid
  Your heaviest show'rs to fall!

What though wave on wave succeedeth!
  Man the bark of hope,
Let courage at the helm be seated
  With the storm to cope!

Soon you'll find the eye grow brighter,
And one effort more,
O'er the tossing waves shall bear you
To a peaceful shore;

To a shore where never falleth
Tear from any eye;
Where no storm, no cloud enshroudeth
Summer's soft blue sky!

FALSE LOVE AND TRUE.

Shall I tell you what Love is,
And what it ought to be?
And then the striking diff'rence
You speedily will see.

Of course, the truth will shock you,
It always does at first,
Because a hope of better things
Your spirit long has nursed.

Well then—Love is most selfish,
Thinks of itself alone,
Feeds fondly on a lovely face,
Or form, till call'd its own!

Pursues with fiery zeal the shade
Of Fortune or of Fame;
Or p'rhaps with still more eagerness
A highly sounding name!

But seldom do we see its faults,
Or all their depth allow,
Till forced by cruel circumstance
'Neath man's stern will to bow.

Should you oppose *that*—good-bye, love,
And blow, oh, bitter breeze;
The shipwreck'd heart is desolate
On life's most dreaded seas!

Love turns to *Hate*—and fiery strife
Wages your home within;
And earth's a scene of wretchedness,
Of quarrelling and din!

Kind smiles and honied words may seem
Across youth's path to play,
And love, like some sweet morning beam
Shine on its early day!

But with the noonday sun will melt
Such visions to decay,
And the first touch of sorrow's hand
Drive the fair boy away.

Now, I will paint my thought of what
Love true and deep should be,
Not that it ever here could dwell
In such sweet constancy!

But still its vision o'er my heart
Will sometimes sadly come,
And make me yearn for other worlds,
And its bright lasting home.

Love the unselfish! still I dream
I rest beneath thy gaze,
And that thy dove-like eyes look down
With their celestial rays.

That nestling in thy arms I feel
Nothing can hurt me more,
That thou with thy devotedness
Wilt guide my bark to shore

That never unkind word shall thrill,
Or rankle in my breast,
That thou, self-sacrificing still
Shalt soothe my griefs to rest.

And looking fondly in my eyes
Read what my tongue would say,
And ever thoughtful for my weal
Drive ev'ry care away!

Oh! this were *love!* the name's profaned
Too often on this earth;
Love! love indeed! it were ashamed
To own such mortal birth!

A spark of Heaven!—the earthly flame
Is something grosser far;
A passing emanation from
Some lost Pleiad or star!

Wearing the hues of light and joy
It captivates the heart!
Alas! that dreams of rapture should
So soon from life depart!

THE VOICE OF DEATH.

Who fears thy vengeful hand, oh, Death?
Who trembles at thy voice?
All must yield up to thee their breath,
All—and how few rejoice!

In the world's paths of guilt and sin
How many follow still,
'Midst scenes of rioting and din,
Of worldliness and ill!

Strange that the words of Heav'n most high
Should never smite their ear,
Strange, till thou callest them to die,
They seem to know no fear.

Then the full tide of God's just wrath
O'erwhelms their failing sense,
Then they gaze backward on their path
With shame and penitence!

Oh! that their wasted years recall'd
Were giv'n again to trace,
Oh! that their spirits, death appall'd,
Had sought a Saviour's face.

Sought it when life went cheerily,
And all seem'd fair to sight,
Then would they not so drearily
Sink to the shades of night.

But the stern voice, whose awful call
The wicked fills with fear,
In tones of soften'd friendship fall
Upon their waiting ear!

And hast'ning o'er Death's darksome stream
The promised land he won,
Rejoicing ever 'neath the beam
Of the Eternal One!

NOT IN THIS WORLD.

Not in this world—light will never
  Linger round my way;
Care and sorrow must for ever
  Near my footsteps stray!
Sighs and teardrops—they will be
True companions still to me!

Tell me not of brightening hours,
  Nor of coming days,
When before my sight Hope's flowers
  Shed their gorgeous rays;
When the breezes of the Spring
Shall awaken Joy to sing!

No! its tones are hush'd for ever
  On this dismal earth,
And they'll reawaken never
  In my heart to mirth.
All that's left is night and sorrow,
Both will herald in to-morrow!

Dull and faded in the cold tomb
Lies the peaceful past,
Many a memory of gloom,
As pall, above it cast;
Storm and sunshine seem to be
Round it playing lovingly!

But they never more can waken
That dear form from sleep;
By the whirlwind's pow'r unshaken,
Its calm rest is deep:
And I would not lift the veil
That enshrouds its features pale!

Not in this world—in another
Brighter visions still
Ev'ry aching thought will smother,
And the spirit fill!
And the tears and sighs of this
Shall be changed to lasting bliss!

THOUGHTS ON LIFE.

I've pass'd through many a chequer'd scene
From early life till now,
And seldom has Joy's sunshine been
Enthronèd on my brow.
Often Earth's thunder-storms have driven
Its radiance from my path,
Leaving Hope's skies asunder riven,
And blacken'd with their wrath!

Dark mournful spells of vanish'd hours
Alone pass through my mind,
No stirring dreams from Fancy's bow'rs
Are with my thoughts entwined!
Poetic visions, Love and Hope,
Are banish'd from my brain,
And o'er life's darken'd horoscope
May never pass again!

Upon the dull cold world I gaze,
And wonder at its glee,
At all its mean and petty ways,
Forgetting what must be.
The proud, the bright, look calmly down
Upon earth's passing throng,
Wearing or wealth's or honour's crown,
'Midst scenes of mirth and song!

And little reck they of the woe
Which fills so many a heart,
Content with all the pomp and show
That gilds the worldling's part!
Little to them the aching pains
That they may never share,
Or Poverty's more racking chains,
Or wail of lone despair!

'Tis strange that wealth so seldom tries
To soothe a suff'ring heart,
Or from its bountiful supplies
To give the poor a part.
How many lots there are that gold
Might make most blessed here;
How many a heart with love untold
The donor would revere!

Oh, selfish world! wrapp'd up in glee,
Thou hast no time to think
Of those who're toss'd on sorrow's sea,
Or standing at its brink.
Born to be poor—the hand of Fate
Pointed their pathway here,
But lifted up the rich and great
To a more favour'd sphere!

So think ye—but ye're stewards still,
Servants of One above,
And deem ye that ye do His will
With all your proud self love?
Riches are snares—if well bestow'd,
The Giver's praise is won;
If not—the broad and open road
Is but too often run.

With wond'ring eye, and aching heart,
My weary footsteps stray,
And bear their daily mournful part
Along life's beaten way!
Beset by thorns and briars the path
O'er craggy rock and steep,
Lash'd by the tempest in its wrath,
And skirting o'er the deep!

Often my failing heart rebels,
And sinketh in despair,
But Hope's sweet voice once more impels
My soul, the worst to dare:
Whisp'ring an end will come—an end
To life and all its pain;
And then the weary soul ascend
Where joys immortal reign!

Were it not so—the mournfulness
Of earth's best path would be,
Too weighty for my words t' express,
Too strangely sad to me.
Parting and pain, the only dower
My heart has ever known;
Hope bloom'd awhile, and then, poor flower,
Death's blight was o'er it thrown!

Changing and cold—life's atmosphere,
And false its sunniest smile,
Its brightest hues, its saddest tears,
Last but a little while!
Death is before us—his the stream
We all must ferry o'er,
And may Heav'n light us with its beams
Till hush'd the water's roar!

Till safe on shore—all danger past,
The sounding waves are still'd,
And with eternal peace at last
Our troubled spirits fill'd!
Then will these distant realms awake
No mem'ries dark or drear,
But Heav'n's sweet visions o'er us break,
Heirs of a brighter sphere!

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

Let me prepare—for feelings strange
Forwarn me of a coming change,
And Death may soon be here.
These little illnesses unreck'd
Are in their progress still uncheck'd;
For, oh! I feel no fear!

But suddenly the night might come,
My wearied spirit, seeking home,
Might quit this world for aye:
No notice given—no friends at hand—
The frail bark wreck'd upon the strand,
Ere pass another day!

Who knows? the strongest soonest bend,
Death's arrow through the skies may wend,
And seek its resting here.
Life has been troubled in its course,
And o'er my heart with headlong force
Has pass'd the tempest drear!

Dark waves of grief in anger roll,
Daily and hourly through my soul,
And wage a conflict dread;
Unkindness chills me with its tone,
And my poor heart makes ceaseless moan,
And yearneth to be fled!

Let me prepare: friends have grown cold,
And loving arms no more enfold—
I sit alone and weep;
And through my frame strange feelings fly,
And thrill and throbbings rushing by,
In endless tumult sweep.

Oh! if thine arrow, Death, should come,
Let me in gladness seek my home,
And bid my spirit fly!
Wash'd and prepared to meet its God,
Humbled and chasten'd by the rod
Of Life's adversity!

Then not unwelcome to mine ear
Thy warning voice, when echoing near,
And calling to my heart:
Gladly from earth and all its pain
My soul will flutter forth again,
And hence in joy depart!

Soothe, Heav'n, the friends that mourn my loss,
Teach them to bear their heavy cross—
Teach them to struggle still
Up the steep mount that leads to life,
E'en though encompass'd round by strife,
And pain, and earthly ill!

Still onward, onward! may no sorrow
Darken the light of Heav'n's to-morrow,
Or chase it from their way;
So that at last, through pain and strife,
They too may win the gates of life,—
Their guerdon, endless day!

FINIS.

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